Saturday Night

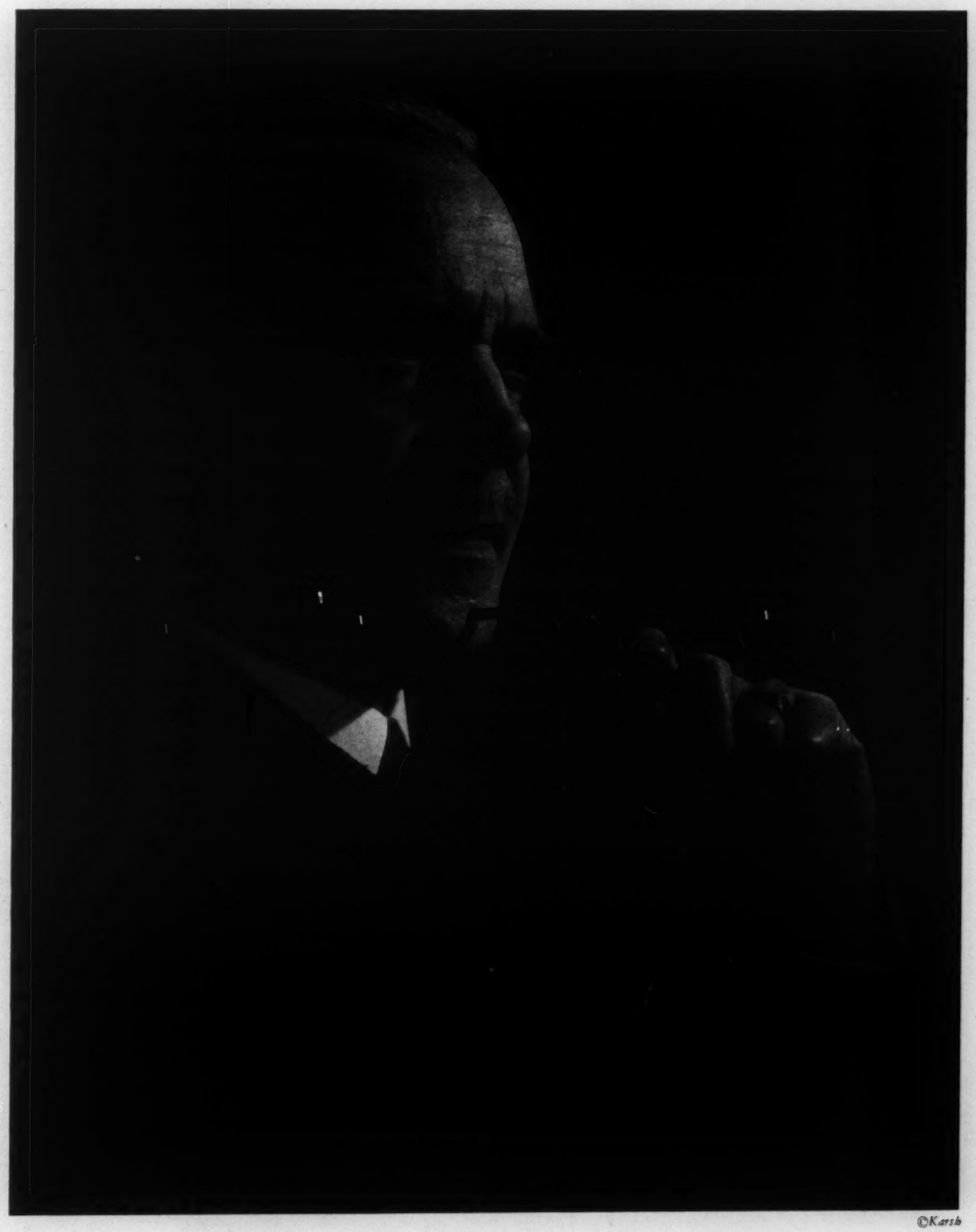
August 22, 1953 · 10 Cents

The Front Page

As the tumult and the shouting of Canada's federal election died, as Communist and Allied negotiators in Korea reshuffled the cards for their next poker session, with truces wild, the women of the western world had their prospects of peace rudely disturbed by Christian Dior, the French designer of women's clothes. The hemlines of skirts must go up, Mr. Dior said. Nonsense, other designers replied. And once again the battle lines have been drawn in the continuing struggle for the emancipation of women—indeed, of both sexes.

It seems that human beings must have an immediate excuse for their wars, probably because fundamental disagreements generate a steady but slow heat and must have extra fuel to bring anything to a boil. Two armies can eye each other across a bristling border for years with nothing more lethal than sneers passing between them, until somebody's pig is killed or bed of prize petunias trampled, and then they have a good reason for trying to destroy each other. In the battle of fashion now developing, the hemline is the excuse for a test of strength; the real issue is the liberation of the human spirit.

The clothes we wear are



©Karsh

LOUIS ST. LAURENT: The strength of the Father-Image *(Page 3)*

the big sweet ones *with the thin skins*

Our pea story is short and sweet. Carefully selected seed is planted in specially prepared soil. There peas grow to full size while still tender, thin-skinned babies. Then they're *picked and packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor*—that magical moment of sweetness that comes just once to every pea. Green Giant Brand peas. Sweethearts of the Pea World. How about a dinner date tonight?

Fine Foods of Canada Limited, Tecumseh, Ontario. Also packers of Niblets Brand Whole Kernel Corn, Niblets Brand Mexicorn and Green Giant Brand Wax Beans.

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seldom the result of uninhibited choice, because we select them from a range prescribed by convention. We cringe at the thought of appearing outside the family or neighborhood circle in garments which will set us apart from the crowd. Daily we sacrifice our individuality on the altar of orthodoxy, and we do it in fawning pride; because our courage is small and our vanity great, we are easily persuaded that what we wear is what does the most to improve our appearance.

Some small victories have been won by women—but Pyrrhic victories, we fear, gained at the expense of the feminine legend of mysterious beauty. Women broke some of the shackles when they took to wearing slacks and shorts. Moralists have denounced them for exposing their flesh, but with dubious reasoning; it is all too apparent that, except in rare instances, the allure of woman decreases in direct proportion to the revelation of her physical properties. Unclothed, she offends against aesthetics more than she menaces morals.

Men have little cause to sneer at women for their slavish obedience to the dictates of fashion. They are much more reluctant to abandon conventional forms and to combine imagination with utility in their clothing.

If it is true that a clean body makes a clean mind, it follows that a free body should mean a liberated intellect. If we could break the bonds of mass-thought in this instance, there is no telling how expansive a development of the individual might result. There would undoubtedly be an economic revolution, with a re-birth of individual craftsmanship; it might mean social anarchy, and certainly governments would have a rough time of it; but it would be a marvellously diverse and interesting world.

Hats and Respect

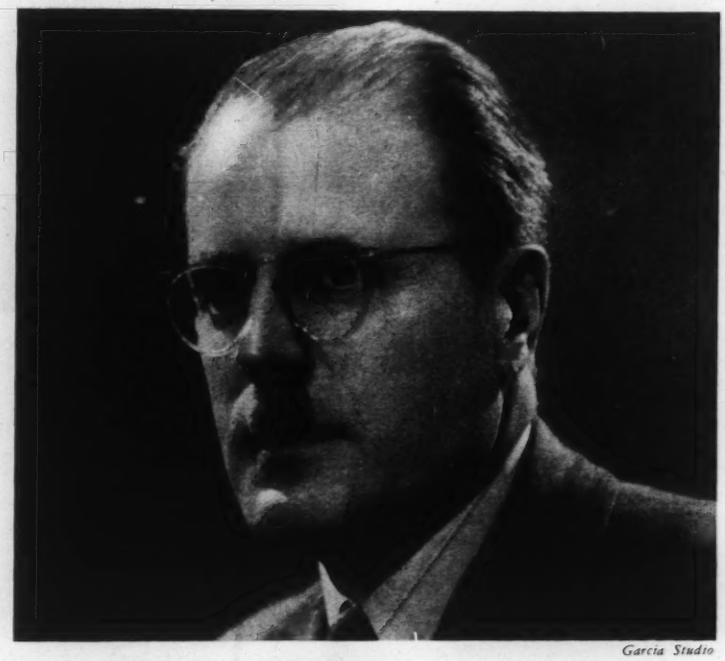
WAS JUDGE J. A. LEGRIS sternly reminded a woman in Windsor, Ont., the other day, it is tradition for women to show their respect for the processes of justice by wearing hats when they visit a courtroom. The person rebuked might well have given some thought to the odd propriety of a woman showing respect by keeping her hat on and a man doing the same thing by taking his hat off. But even more peculiar is the pretty fiction that women's hats, which in the main seem to be devised by people with an outrageous sense of humor, are obligatory for serious occasions.

Canadian Music

WHEN WE learnt that Leopold Stokowski would conduct a concert of Canadian music at Carnegie Hall in New York on the evening of October 16, we sought more information from Dr. Claude Champagne, who is Canadian chairman of the concert's Committee on Selections.

There is no contest involved in the selection of the music, he informed us. "Mr. Stokowski wants the concert to be completely representative of the concert music of Canada, past and present, and this means the reading of a great amount of unpublished work. During Mr. Stokowski's absence in Europe, we are making a preliminary analysis of each work submitted. On his return, he will go over all the material we have received and read each work in the light of the analytical comment furnished by my colleagues." Other members of the Committee are Sir Ernest MacMillan, William Schuman, Wilfred Pelletier, Walter Piston, Boyd Neel and Henry Cowell.

"What makes Canadian music interesting," Dr. Champagne said, "is its reflection of the *milieu* of each province—the mentality, spirit, schooling, way of life. The variety of cultural elements in this country is a big asset to creative endeavor and its richness could produce, in the near future, a music all its own. But in order to strengthen confidence in their creative power, composers must hear their music, as painters see their paintings. This is what we are aiming at."



Garcia Studio

DR. CLAUDE CHAMPAGNE: A zealot's earnestness.

Dr. Champagne grew up with Canadian music. He is 62 years of age now, the assistant director of the Quebec Provincial Conservatory of Music, and he has never lost the love he acquired as a boy in Montreal for the vigorous folk music of his native province. One of his earliest works, *Suite Canadienne* for chorus and orchestra, won an International Folklore prize, and then was published and performed in Paris.

He has a zealot's earnestness when he talks about Canadian music. "My hobby is promoting it, and I make the time for my hobby. Canadian music is a fact; it has proved to be vital; it is played all over the world." But there is always quiet humor to put sparkle into the zeal. "My name? Yes, it indicates that its first owner probably came from that part of France. But if by any chance this forebear of mine came to Canada with a large supply of the famous wine, it has been disposed of long ago. I leave it to you to appreciate how much I deplore this."

The One-Day View

NONA IS an elephant in Johannesburg, South Africa. Six months ago, a piece of paper blew across her face while she was about her usual task of carrying children around the zoo, and since then she has been a morose creature, shunning the company of children and ignoring the cajoleries of her keepers. Now officials at the zoo have decided to have Nona psychoanalyzed. How one goes about getting an elephant to tell all, while reclining on a couch, we do not know, but we doubt if the treatment will be a success. The paper which so embittered Nona was the front page of a newspaper, and obviously she managed to get a good look at it before it blew away. The job now is to persuade Nona that things really aren't as bad as they seem on any one day.

A Necessary Art

THE RECENT Federal election demonstrated, among other things, that the fine art of heckling has well nigh been forgotten in this country, which is a sorry state of affairs, because it provides evidence for the critics who have charged us with being a dull people. Heckling is a test of the mettle of both candidate and electorate, but both seem to shrink from it these days; possibly the former is fearful, the latter apathetic.

There is no lack of the raw material from which hecklers are made. At hockey and baseball games, and similar gatherings, there is invariably displayed the sort of rude wit, uttered with the necessary penetrating raucousness, which, with proper direction and training, could make an election a merry, vigorous interlude between Parliaments. Such training could be carried out, between elections, by such groups as service clubs, chambers of commerce, labor unions and agricultural societies; it would do a world of good to the groups themselves, as well as raise the tone of politics.

Where heckling occurred during the recent election, it was either of a pretty poor sort (such as the shout of "Go back to Quebec" to Prime Minister St. Laurent in Edmonton), or the hecklers were forcibly squelched by loyal supporters of the candidate, a procedure which demonstrates the real value of heckling. To test a candidate's wit and reasoning power in public assembly is, of course, to put new vigor in political freedom, and forcibly to prevent such a test is to admit fear of the free spirit.

Training in heckling is needed, because it is evident that many people do not understand its purpose or its method. When students and war veterans in London, Ont., used cowbells and yells to silence Hewlett Johnson, the Red Dean, they were not heckling; they were denying him the right to speak, and thereby made something of a hero of a foolish old man. Had they been trained, they would have used questions pointed with wit and intelligence to expose the foolishness. It would have been an excellent preliminary to the fun they could have had with the pompous platitudes of the politicians.

The Untarnished Image

THE RESULTS of last week's federal election showed how well the father-image created by the Liberal party survived the test of another campaign; Mr. St. Laurent remained Papa Louis to a very large number of citizens, who dutifully voted for him and his colleagues. Curiously, the party propagandists have managed to shape the image without giving many personal details about the Prime Minister. A few days after the election we conducted our own poll and found no one who knew much more about Mr. St. Laurent than "he's a fine gentleman," and "he was born in Quebec, he used to be a lawyer, and he's got a large family."

Not one person we questioned knew that Louis St. Laurent was born on February 1, 1882, in Compton, a Quebec village near the Vermont border. His father had a general store there, which passed on to the PM's brother, Maurice, and is now operated by Maurice's son, Marc. The men of the village, who gather in the store during the evenings to smoke and talk, refer to the PM as M'sieu Louis.

Not one could say that his grandparents were immigrants from Galway; his father French Canadian and

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his mother Irish. He spoke to his father in French and to his mother in English. He went to school in the village, then to St. Charles College in Sherbrooke, and on to Laval University to study law. He joined the law firm of Louis Phillippe Pelletier, a Conservative who later became Postmaster General. He earned $600 his first year, had boosted his salary to $1500 four years later, and shortly afterwards was taken into partnership. He established his own law firm in Quebec City in 1923 and by the time he joined the Mackenzie King Ministry in 1941, he was reported to be earning close to $100,000 a year as a brilliant corporation lawyer.

He gave this up to be Minister of Justice at $10,000. He stood for election in Quebec East in 1942, and won by a majority of 3,940; his majority in 1945 was 10,768; in 1949, 17,956; and in last week's test it was 18,949 more than the combined votes of his four opponents. He moved to External Affairs in 1946 and became Prime Minister on Nov. 15, 1948.

He has five children, all married: Marthe, 44, Renault, 42, Jean-Paul, 41, Therese, 37, and Madeline, 35. There are 17 grandchildren. His two sons carry on the law business he gave up for politics.

Last year, at the age of 70, he learnt to swim — a demonstration of the vigor which carried him through the gruelling personal campaign of the last few weeks with no apparent weakening of energy or enthusiasm. And the result was a personal victory; the Liberal candidates leaned heavily on his personality.

Uncertain Vowels

AFTER READING a report of the findings of Prof. C. K. Thomas of Cornell University on habits of speech in the United States, we are puzzled and disturbed. For twenty years Prof. Thomas has been collecting information about regional pronunciations in the U.S., and by now he has a pretty fair idea of how people speak where and why. But we searched his report in vain for any mention of people who pronounce the same vowel in two or three different ways in the course of one conversation, which leaves us with the dismal feeling that such people are to be found only in the larger Canadian cities.

From Prof. Thomas we learn that in upstate New York, the mid-West and the West of the U.S.A., the word horrid is usually pronounced "hawrid", whereas in most of New England, New York City, Pennsylvania and the South it's pronounced "hahrid." Florida grows "ahranges", but Chicago eats "awranges." These are distinct variations, according to locality, and doubtless can be explained as easily as the broad Boston "a", which, according to the Professor, originated among the lower classes of London and was transferred to Massachusetts by businessmen who had commercial dealings in England. But how does one explain the pronunciation of a person who says "bawth," "barth," and "behth", all in the same day?

It sounds silly, and it is; but that is what we heard the other day. It happened when one person was describing, to different people, some new household fixtures he had bought. In each recital he had a different pronunciation of "bath."

The only possible explanation is that certain kinds of people lead such spurious lives that they cannot even handle their speech with any honesty. Without any integrity of language of their own, they ape what they imagine to be the cultured accents of others, and try to shape their speech to their company—one accent for their betters, another for those they believe to be their inferiors, and so on. Poor souls, they do not realize that the tongue is a revelation of character.

Disposal in Space

OUR MAN in charge of Travel tells us that the writers of science-fiction have come up with a bit of a poser for the people who are planning excursions to other planets. When spaceships are buzzing about in the blackness between worlds, and platforms in the sky are used by men of great wisdom (and suspicion) to keep an eye on this unruly old Earth, how will the travellers and the upper-bracket Peeping Toms dispose of their garbage? If the refuse isn't attracted by gravity to some terrestrial body, it will either cling to the ships and the platforms or circle aimlessly until enough of it collects to form the nucleus of a new planet, which will keep on growing as long as more garbage is dumped. There is the distracting possibility that in the time of our great-grandchildren there will be a star made up entirely of rubbish. We do not doubt that the scientists can build the spaceships and platforms, but the disposal question bothers us; we have not done much yet about keeping the Earth clean, and until we do, we haven't any right to go polluting space.

Military Feathers

THIS SUMMER has been unusually productive in Authorities. A while ago, we noted that An Authority Who Has Never Been Wrong had joined the Hitherto Reliable Sources and Spokesman in Close Touch in the newspaper columns. Now we have another: A Correspondent connected with the East. He popped up as the Authority responsible for a surprising report in the London *Weekly Recorder*, which accused the United States of trading with Communist China. Incidentally, one of the things the *Recorder's* correspondent said the U.S. had been buying from China was "feathers needed for military purposes," and we've been wondering ever since just what military purposes feathers would have. Quills for industrious clerks? Hats for the Big Brass? Whisks for barracks-keepers? Essential equipment for ambitious officers? The possibilities seem endless, but we think the Correspondent connected with the East should be more specific, even if he has to go to an Authority Who Has Never Been Wrong to get his information.

The Toy Business

AFTER GETTING an enthusiastic note from the Canadian Playthings Manufacturers Incorporated telling us that more and more toys were being sold, we dropped around to see John C. Schaffter, who is president of the CPM and sales manager of the Reliable Toy Company, Toronto. He is a very large man, and his enthusiasm matches his size. By the time we had completed our introduction, he had us in the display room and was bouncing plastic balls, squeezing dolls and brandishing water pistols with great glee.

Marlow of BC

JOHN C. SCHAFFTER: Almost everybody buys toys.

"The Canadian toy industry clocked up $40 million in sales last year," he said. "This year the figure will undoubtedly be higher." Almost everybody buys toys of some sort, and often grown-ups use children just as an excuse for their own purchases; an important sales item for many years has been the undressed doll, which gives aunts, grandmothers and older sisters a chance to design and sew tiny dresses.

Mr. Schaffter bounced a gaily striped beach ball. "It's made of plastic," he said. "Red, blue and yellow are the favorite colors. Wonderful invention, plastic." He seized a little truck and hurled it to the floor. "See that? Unbreakable. Not so long ago it would have smashed."

Dolls are always popular, we learn; so are model telephones and water pistols. There are no figures to indicate the ratio of sales to the number of pistols confiscated by teachers, however. Model ferryboats are popular in coastal towns and stage coaches sell well in Calgary. Teddy bears have been popular ever since Teddy Roosevelt carried a small bear back from the Spanish-American War 55 years ago.

Toy-making is becoming less of a fluctuating business, although Christmas is still the big season. Comic strips have become an important factor in sales. Mr. Schaffter quoted the example of the Joan Palooka doll. The toy-makers, who know a great deal about human nature, could see that the comic strip champion, Joe Palooka, and his young wife were destined to become parents, and they held a conference with Ham Fisher, creator of the strip. "Originally Mr. Fisher planned to introduce the child in March," Mr. Schaffter explained, "but we told him that obviously March was no time for a new doll. He revised his plans, and the baby—and doll—appeared in September, in good time for the Christmas trade."

Mr. Schaffter's only child is a 21-year-old daughter, June. But 20 years in the business and the growing up of his family have not dulled his personal delight in playthings. As we left the display room, he started to twiddle the levers of a miniature hockey game, manoeuvring a goaltender with one hand and a forward with the other. "I could play this all day," he said, and cheered the goalie's skilful blocking of a shot before bidding us goodbye.

Personal

ANDORE SCHARY, who discusses new film techniques in an article on page 7 of this issue, is production chief at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, and has the reputation of being one of the more resourceful and imaginative men in the business of making motion pictures. He started his career as a hat-check attendant in his parents' restaurant in Newark, N. J., where he was born in 1905; after that he worked as a necktie salesman, newspaperman, writer, actor, playwright, screenwriter and up through the hierarchy of filmdom to his present position. He headed production at RKO before moving to MGM.

Letters

Church and Divorce

. . . THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND stands for the inviolability of the marriage bond. The Princess Margaret is a member of the Church and, like any other member, is subject to its discipline. At her Coronation the Queen took an oath "to maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of England, and the Doctrine, worship, discipline and government thereof." You have the right to your opinion on the subject of marriage; but it is another thing to lend support to an attempt to encourage disloyalty to the Church's discipline (supposing such were contemplated).

It appears that you regard marriage on the merely secular level of "contract", and take no account of status conferred by it and its sacramental character. To charge "a large part of society" (presumably those who uphold the Church's attitude) with "absurdity" is merely abusive and counts for nothing as an argument. Rather it suggests that you have little understanding of the whole question and of the issues involved.

You call it bigoted, cruel and immoral to censure anyone "for once choosing the wrong partner" and thus making a "mistake". What then of the increasing numbers of people for whom "once" has become twice, thrice and oftener? . . .

I know well the problems of the contemporary situation and the hardships of the genuinely innocent victims. Yet "easier divorce" is the way to the abyss. Not this, but greater care and a deeper sense of responsibility before entering the married state will point the way to marital stability and the security of family life.

(Canon) W. H. DAVISON
Dorval, Que.

. . . TO condone Princess Margaret's interest in a divorced man (July 25) is both disappointing and disgusting.

In my opinion it is bigoted and immoral to assume the objectivity of factual knowledge where only a subjective belief is expressed. I do not think that "to condemn a man or a woman to a lifetime of censure for once choosing the wrong partner in marriage is bigoted, cruel, and in fact, immoral" . . .

A home broken by divorce is a tragedy, and to ease the divorce laws would tend to increase the number of such homes. What we need is not easier divorce laws but a deeper faith in the basic Christian ideals of mutual love and respect . . .

Delisle, Sask. ROBERT SIDER

. . . AS A contract, binding in law, marriage may be terminated under the provisions of the law. Such provisions may be as wide as the society for which the law operates demands. There seems to be no reason why marriages should not be contracted on a provisional basis, renewable at the end of every five years. This should be an eminently practical solution, although five years may be too long for some people.

The point, however, is, that for most people in a Christian community, marriage is not merely a legal contract. It is a tripartite agreement amongst the two human parties and God. The Church, acting as the representative of its divine authority, seals the bond. In the contract, each of the human parties states quite clearly, and under the most solemn conditions, that he or she understands it to be unconditional and non-terminable—"for better, for worse . . . till death do us part". The third, and divine party, has already stated His views on the matter—and no exceptions were made . . .

It is . . . reprehensible on your part to laud the British newspapers for attacking the Church for fulfilling what is undoubtedly its bounden duty.

Hamilton, Ont. G. G. STEEL

Not Horrified

SOME HIDEBOUND Col. Blimps have expressed horror because Mr. St. Laurent suggested that there is no law making God Save the Queen the Canadian National Anthem. What's so horrifying about that? We could make it the anthem by law, and the next generation might well decide to pass another law to have it changed . . . In any case, the logical way to end a rather silly argument is to hold a plebiscite to get majority opinion on both the choice of a National Anthem and Canadian flag. It would at least show how far we have progressed along the road to nationhood.

Montreal AUREL CARVER

Best, Worst Drivers?

I DO A considerable amount of driving, particularly in Ontario, as part of my work. Here are some observations I have made which may be of interest to other readers of your good magazine:

Without a doubt, the worst drivers on the highways and on busy city streets are those at the wheels of light delivery trucks and medium-heavy vehicles, particularly those used on construction jobs. These drivers are, generally speaking, reckless, discourteous and a constant menace to the safety of themselves and (much more important) of others.

Running these drivers a close second are bus drivers. I admit that the bus drivers handle their vehicles with considerable skill, but they pay no attention to speed limits, in the open country or inside built-up areas, and they have a bland disregard for other traffic.

The best drivers are the men handling the biggest vehicles, especially those in charge of tractor-trailers. It is rare indeed to meet one of these drivers who does not pay scrupulous attention to the rules of the road and does not give signals frequently and properly. When you follow one of these vehicles you know exactly what the driver is going to do.

Americans have a weakness for speed, but they are much more courteous than Canadians on the road. They pay more attention to highway warnings and they are much more careful about giving proper signals whenever needed.

Finally, the larger the city, the denser the traffic but the better the individual driver.

These are general observations, of course, and there will be plenty of individual exceptions, but as generalities, they hold true.

Windsor, Ont. K. A. CARNAHAN

Festival and Culture

AT THIS END of Canada, we were perhaps a bit reluctant and vague in our admiration of the people of Stratford, Ontario, in bringing to achievement their Shakespearean Festival. After reading "Through Ritual To Romance", our attitude must surely be one of real warmth and appreciation.

May we hope that some of the people blessed with the privilege of seeing this dedication to "the gods of Pity, Terror, Tenderness and Mirth" have viewed it with the discerning eye of Mr. Davies.

A. BOYD MACGILLIVRAY
Yarmouth, NS

THERE SEEMS to be no point in trying to endow Canadians with culture by means of Shakespearean Festivals or anything else, while such a low standard of education prevails in Canadian Public Schools.

One constantly hears such incorrect phrases as "That there thing," "This here thing," "That don't matter," "I don't feel good," "I was laying down," "Get off of there," etc.

A kindergarten teacher I know of, never sounds the T in the words swept or kept.

My son, a pupil in one of Toronto's public schools . . . was corrected for his pronunciation of the word, been. He pronounced it b-ee-n, sounding the e's as he would in seen, just as he has always heard it pronounced at home. The teacher remarked (spelling the words) "The word is b-e-e-n, not b-e-a-n and should sound "bin." I just wish my son had been rude enough to ask his teacher how she would pronounce "seen" . . .

Toronto (MRS.) PHYLLIS L. FOX

Corporal Punishment

THERE HAS BEEN quite a debate about capital punishment . . . The people who get themselves into a situation which results in them being hanged are seldom any loss to society anyway . . . A far more important question than that of capital punishment is corporal punishment. There is no doubt that the lack of discipline in young people today, and the increase in crime, both are due to the squeamishness which has developed in regard to corporal punishment.

The trouble starts with the parents who scream at their children constantly but are shocked by the idea of enforcing parental orders with a sound smacking. By the time the children go to school they have learnt to ignore orders that are not properly enforced. Nothing in the schools changes this idea. Teachers are not allowed to enforce discipline in the only possible manner, by thorough strapping or caning; technically they can do so, I suppose, but they are always faced with the threat of being hauled into court by some silly parent intent on spoiling a child's life. The adolescents then come out of school and expect to move out into the world, still getting their own way. Because they have no self-discipline and have never been taught what fortitude is, they become candidates for either the insane asylums or the reform schools.

Even then they could be straightened out, if prison authorities were not so squelched by squeamishness. A few months in a reform school is little more than a restful holiday to delinquents. If they knew they were going to get a thorough lashing when they went in, and would have the beating repeated with more severity every time they stepped out of line, they would be much more afraid of breaking the law than they are now.

Put the lash back in the hands of prison authorities, and the problem will not be the building of new jails but what to do with the empty space.

Halifax J. S. MACQUARRIE

Of Many Things

ROBERTSON DAVIES is no Wodehouse fan, that's plain. P. G. does not develop? What a notion! Compare his recent books with the Psmith period and see. No comparison. The man gets funnier and cleverer right along. Most reading is done for entertainment and Wodehouse is lengths ahead of the field in that. And what's funnier than good farce?

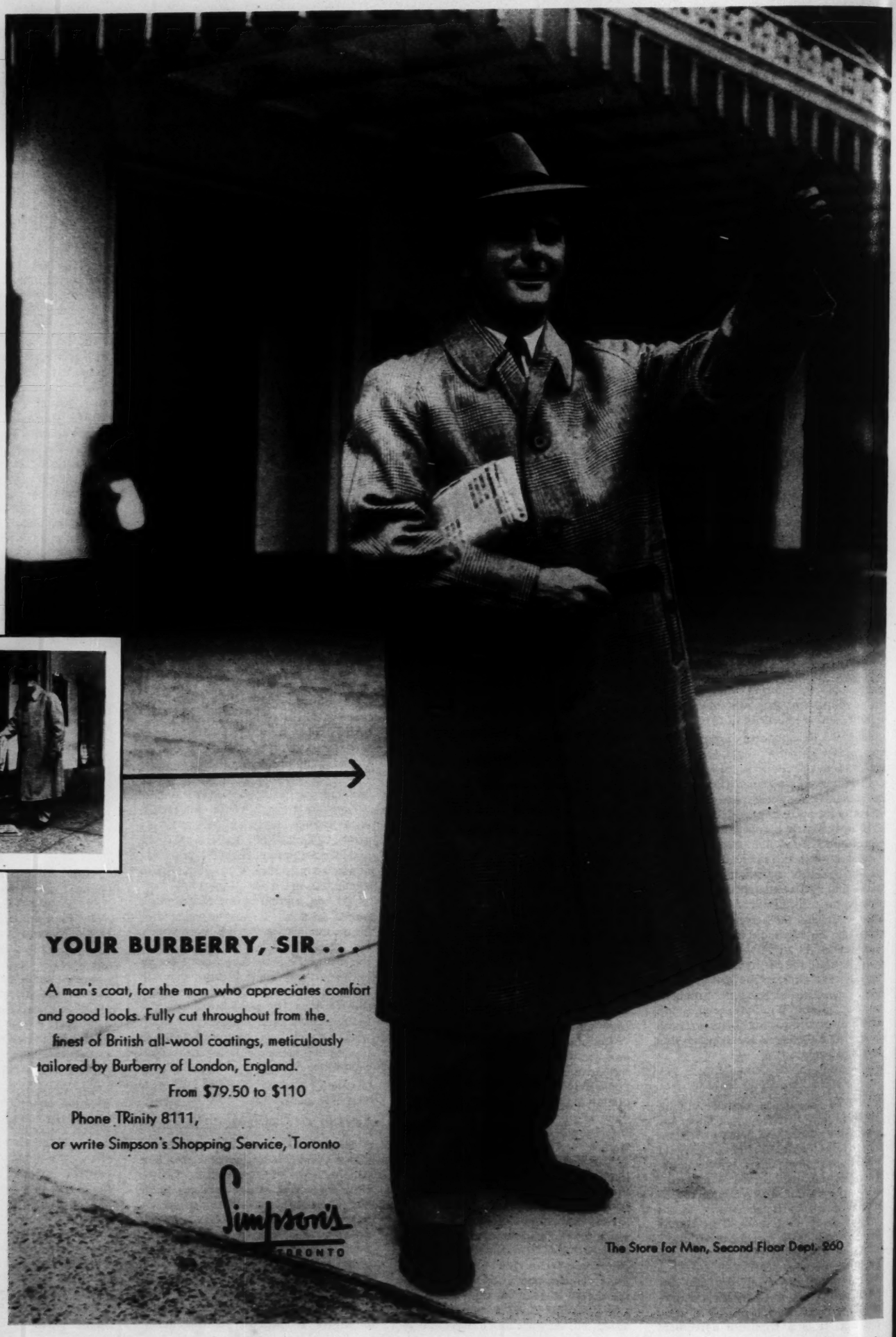
Toronto JAMES F. KIRKHAM

YOUR department "The Backward Glance" in the issue of July 25 quotes from a Baby's Own Soap advertisement that appeared in your journal in 1898. The copy, when compared with soap advertising in this or any other age is really quite restrained but your commentator is moved to wonder whether it got the dirt off. I guess it must have, because Canadian mothers have been buying it ever since and in 1953 will use more than in any previous year. Few products have stood the test of time so well.

Montreal C. C. SAVAGE
Vice-President, The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Limited

. . . THERE IS NO reason why there should be a means test for veterans' pensions and no means test for the Old Age pension. Such discrimination is completely unwarranted. The men who have been willing to sacrifice their lives for the country should get at least as much consideration as anybody else . . . Many a veteran, who would have been hale and hearty at 65 if he had chosen not to fight, is a decrepit old man at 50.

Saskatoon JAMES D. DAVIES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The New Techniques In Film-Making

By DORE SCHARY

IN THIS SUDDEN WORLD of revolutionary motion picture techniques, it is expected that each one who writes on the subject be authoritative. Since the public is mercurial, it occurs to me that any writer on the subject who says, "This is what the public wants" is either naive or self-seeking. Anyone in any form of show business must eventually rely on guesswork, hunch, intuition, optimism, and that strange, all-encompassing quality, showmanship. This article, then, is more in the nature of a report than a prediction, and places me in the comfortable position of being able to disclaim an expression of opinion if time proves my report to be inaccurate.

In any event, the advent of such spectacular advances as 3-Dimension, Cinerama, CinemaScope, Big Screen and Stereophonic Sound has had much the same effect upon the thinking of motion picture producers as sound did, back in the late twenties. Which is to say, they are overwhelmed.

The New Look in movies would be comparatively simple to contend with if all that were involved were a different-shaped screen on which to project films made pretty much as they had been up until now. But the new techniques require totally different methods of photography, lighting, movement of the cast, and recording of sound. Cameras, wholly new, have had to be designed to accommodate these changes. Crews have to be trained to use the new equipment. Certain lenses are so new that few experts know all their potentialities or, by the same token, their quirks and limitations. Film printing methods have changed. More time (hence more money) is a big consideration.

So, then, it isn't so simple for a studio head to bank everything on his personal conviction as to what the public wants. To provide product of this new sort involves a tremendous investment of money, time, and effort, and when the price of his judgment is that high, the weight of his job increases incalculably. It is a time when he might wish he'd gone into the furniture business, or something.

One guess, as they say, is as good as another, and since I can't be answered back for a while, I'll make a few. I acknowledge that there are both sides to a question, but I also submit when a writer offers both to his reading public he is likely to bore them to sleep, if he isn't careful. And since I'm in a business which is essentially a gambling one, I'll place my bets and take my chances.

3-D, as it has come to be known, involves the use of polaroid glasses. Some spectacular effects have been devised in this technique, and the early pictures made in the medium have attracted huge audiences. But already the mutterings have begun. The glasses are an inconvenience; the eye, after a time, rejects the illusion of depth, and the viewer is inclined to look away, re-establishing his normal range of vision before returning his gaze to the screen. He is now irritated, and his attention has wandered. The film he is watching must be genuinely absorbing to counteract these distractions and, let's face it, none of the films yet made in 3-D has had any great holding power.

There was a time, in the infancy of radio, when grown men and women put cumbersome sets of earphones to their heads, and listened in delighted wonder to sounds faintly intelligible as the human voice, or a string ensemble. They sold a lot of earphones in those days, but I'm rather glad I didn't invest money in them. I think the same thing will happen with polaroid glasses, so far as movies are concerned. True, occasionally, there might come along a story whose elements cry out for the illusion of depth — that is, a story which would suffer *unless* depth of perception was used. It is difficult to believe there will be many of these, however.

In the current movie market, there is still a demand for 3-D films; they are still something of a phenomenon. And since prudence is sometimes the better part of conviction, my own studio has made a couple of films in this medium. One, however, is a musical — a big, lavish one, and this hasn't been done before. It will be interesting to see the public's reaction to it. The picture is *Kiss Me Kate*, and has the added advantage of being a well-known and highly successful property, with a great Cole Porter score and a wonderful cast, costumes and sets.

So much for 3-D.

Cinerama is in a class by itself. It is big and lavish, having much the same excitement and appeal as the circus, which comes to town twice a year. The first (and only, so far) film to be shown in this medium is called, simply, *This is Cinerama*, and is, in the main, a collection of scenic sequences filmed in various parts of the world. There is no story continuity in the sense that moviegoers have come to expect, but the film demonstrates the effectiveness of the medium.

Cinerama is a very costly process and not adaptable to most theatres. Audiences will go to those cities to see Cinerama, much, I would say, as they go to a play when they visit New York City, for example. Three projectors, located in booths within the auditorium necessarily reduce the theatre's seating capacity, in addition to which a screen is required that is 75 feet wide, and 25 feet high. This huge screen is slightly curved and the image gives an illusion of depth. The producers of Cinerama are planning to do a musical as their next production and most of us are waiting to see how this medium can handle a story and plot, along with its grandeur. Again, guessing is rife. The fact is, however, that up to now, Cinerama, which is packing in the customers, is a howling success.

CinemaScope is another innovation. Developed by Twentieth Century-Fox, it requires a special, anamorphoscopic lens on the camera itself. A French scientist perfected this lens which must be matched in turn by another special lens on the projectors in theatres. The screen, here again, must be specially designed so that it is two and a half times as wide as it is high. The average size should be about 65 feet by 25 feet, although this will vary, depending upon the capacity of the theatre in which installation is made. While many more theatres will be able to accommodate CinemaScope than Cinerama — I hope you have sorted out the nomenclature by now—there will still be a good number of theatres which will not be large enough for either.

CinemaScope is already the process being used at Fox in the production of several films. MGM is shooting two productions in the same medium, with two others presently planned for on our production schedule. It is extremely effective to see, and at test showings, film makers, generally a guarded and noncommittal lot when faced with comment on somebody else's brain-child, were unanimous in their enthusiasm for the medium, and agreed on its enormous possibilities.

Probably the most easily adaptable, and possibly the most impressive new technique is called, simply, Wide Screen. All of the studios are now making films for it. It is the simplest, in terms of immediate alterations, for the theatres to handle. A bigger screen, allowing for an image one and three-quarter times as wide as it is high, and an easily-obtainable lens are all that an exhibitor has to invest in. The problems of shooting film for the Wide Screen are minimum, and, for this reason, both producers and exhibitors alike are very keen on it.

There are other "processes"—modifications and variations of these same three themes — and people in Hollywood view each new one with wary eyes and frosty smiles, wondering when the contest will end and they can get back to making pictures, whatever size, shape, or degree of clarity.

IN ALL cases, it seems settled that Stereophonic Sound is here to stay. With a large-sized screen, the conventional system of sound becomes woefully inadequate, dwarfed by the great images. So a system of three speakers has been devised, each with its own sound track, so that when sounds are reproduced, they seem to come from that portion of the screen where they emanate in the action. Thus, for the first time in pictures, an off-screen voice is just that: it seems to come from the appropriate direction, and from the appropriate distance. The illusion of reality is remarkably enhanced. Incidentally, both CinemaScope and Cinerama use even more than three speakers; they have a greater area to cover.

Popular interest in all these developments is at a peak. This is a healthy and gratifying thing, even though some pretty startling conclusions have been drawn by occasional

Loew's Inc.

A SCENE from "Arena" (MGM): "The film must be genuinely absorbing".

self-styled experts. These latter have been delivering themselves of predictions, prognostications, and pronunciamentos about the future of the motion picture. The sound and fury of announcements from Hollywood are interpreted as its death rattle. Some chuckle with glee over its imminent demise, and some others weep, but the curious thing is that, in either case, they feel a wake is in the offing. They point to television as having dealt us a death blow.

The truth is, we have reeled a bit under the impact of television, but it should be evident that we have proved over the years that we are a remarkably resilient medium. You will recall that radio was expected to spell our finish. It didn't any more than it spelled the finish of night ballgames, the theatre, concerts or, for that matter, a moonlight walk with the girl friend.

Television, to be sure, is competition, and it would be foolish to suppose that this competition did not spur film makers to explore new areas of entertainment. I believe that with the new mediums the motion picture industry will thrive mightily, continuing to provide world audiences with the best in entertainment.

The forgotten man in this whole new trend would appear to be the theatre owner. He views with dismay announcement after announcement of this new process or that new process, and he is justifiably concerned as to whether or not he can accommodate any of them, let alone all of them. This is a situation which will evidently right itself when the various studios come around to some standardization of method. It's true that until such a decision is made — and I might mention here that studio heads seldom can agree on a time to have lunch together, let alone on adopting a common policy—the exhibitors will sweat a little. That, it seems, goes with growing pains, and I daresay we all will pull through nicely, a little scarred perhaps, but the patient — the motion picture industry and its public —will be sounder of wind and limb than ever.

One final point should be made: regardless of how it is shown, whether on a giant screen or not, stereophonic sound or not, the chief component of any film is story content. A poor story on a big screen will be all the poorer for magnifying it, just as a good story becomes better. In the last analysis, the play's the thing, and if any of us in the industry loses sight of this simple truth, all of the technical resources and genius of invention will be so much wasted effort.

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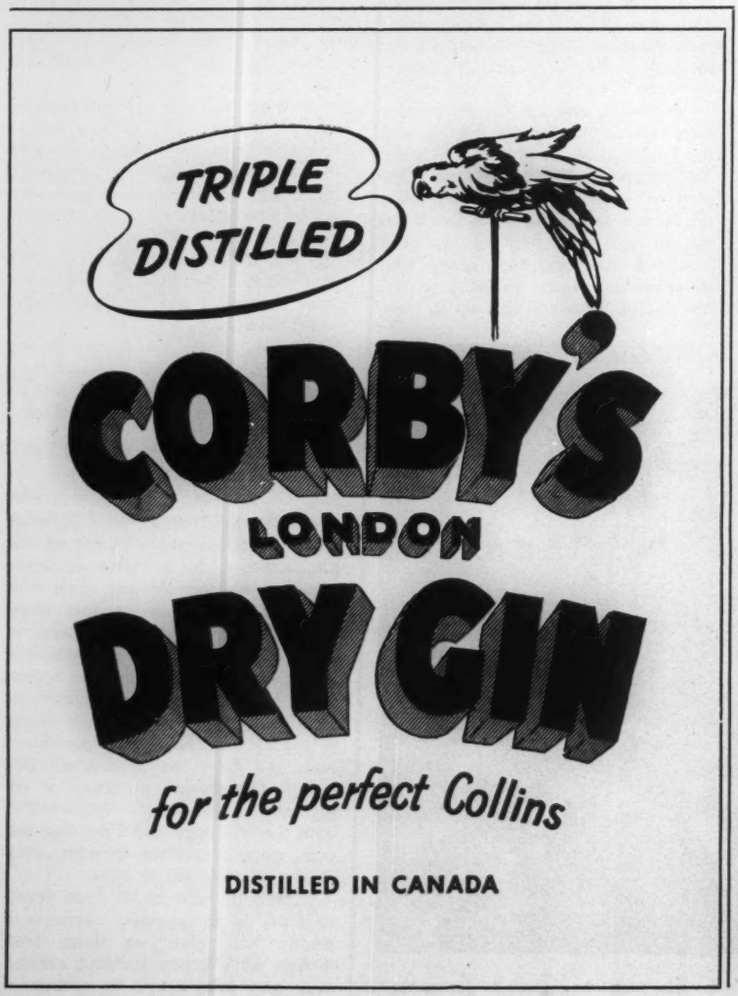
SYDNEY, Australia (Reuters)—Everest conqueror Sir Edmund Hillary said here he has received a number of proposals of marriage since he climbed to the "roof of the world." Said the New Zealand bachelor bee keeper: "Many aspirants sent along their photographs, including one who asked me to return her picture if I was not interested. I did."—*Peterborough Examiner.*

Now all he has to do is get some proposals for the bees.



Letter from London

Carnival on Hampstead Heath

THOSE WHO THINK that Londoners take their pleasures seriously have obviously never been to Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. Here, high up above the great city, over rolling hills and valleys, is staged an annual carnival which is as gay as anything in Europe. It is the soul of London dancing; it is as Cockney as the buttons on the jacket of a pearly king; so let us visit it together.

We approach it by a steep, narrow street, flanked with Georgian houses, and if we were in a reminiscent mood we should recall that we are in a district which has always attracted the artist and the dreamer. Down a little alley on the right lived Keats, and further up to the left, Romney, in a house of such charm that he described it as filling him with "that desire of the unsatisfied soul for a peace that the world cannot give". Nearer the summit dwelt Constable, who stated that "our little drawing room commands a view unsurpassed in Europe, from Westminster Abbey to Gravesend."

Well, the artists are still there, but today they show their wares on the pavements—long rows of them, selling at an average price of a pound apiece, including frame. They form a vivid splash of color in the shade of the trees that hang over the old walls of Queen Mary's Hospital. On Bank Holiday, so numerous are the pictures that you would say Paris had come to London, and the young artists standing beside them have an air of traditional Montmartre. It is a very gay example of London's artistic ebullience, and my hat comes off with a flourish to Hampstead Borough Council, who sponsor the show.

But the canvasses are pale shadows compared with the living pictures. The steep grassy hills swarm with tens of thousands of Cockneys—("never seen such a crahd I never")—milling their way through miles of stalls and sideshows that carry the authentic echo of an old English fair. There is a fat lady—("walk up, lidies, an' feel 'er leg, all for thruppence")—there are shooting galleries, where young men aim at "spinning stars", there are monkeys-on-the-stick, and fine gilded gingerbreads. There is a vast assortment of exceptionally hideous "ornaments", which you may win if you can "throw a pretty dart"; there are coconut shies, and flying swings; and of course, there are merry-go-rounds, which never change their design from generation to generation, where one sits on golden steeds, whirling round and round at a roaring fifteen miles an hour, and gaining thereby an illusion of speed far more thrilling than any traveller in the latest Comet.

And of course there are fortune-tellers, wandering in and out of the gypsy caravans. It was here that I encountered a very old Irishman, who gave me the blessing of God, and sold me, for twice its proper price, a copy of that unique perennial "Old Moore's Almanack", which tells one precisely what is going to happen in the following year. Occasionally it has been known to omit details which others might regard as significant; in its 1939 edition, for example, it did not see fit to prophesy the outbreak of a European war. However, in spite of such minor lapses, we all buy it. For your interest I turned to the Canadian forecast. I learned that "throughout 1954 Canada will become more and more conscious of her great neighbor the U.S.A." So now you know.

However, nobody could be conscious of the U.S.A. on Hampstead Heath. Maybe that is because all around us is English history. Before we leave we push our way through the crowds to an old pub called "The Spaniards", so-called because a Spaniard lived there in the sixteenth century; a rambling old place, with a riotous history, that was the stage for a thrilling episode in the Gordon Riots of 1780. But to me the most interesting object in the pub is a copy of Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale", that hangs over the chimneypiece. For it was in this inn that the poet was drinking, on a summer evening in 1819, before he suddenly left his friends, to wander alone on the Heath and listen to his immortal bird. And the nightingale still sings here to this day—though not, perhaps, on Bank Holiday.

HAVE YOU EVER heard of the Foyle Luncheons? They are a unique institution in London life; indeed, Sir Compton Mackenzie recently described them as the nearest approach to a literary salon in modern Britain.

Foyle's is a gigantic bookshop that sprawls, in picturesque confusion, down the Charing Cross Road. It spills out onto the pavements and overflows into the alleys, and sometimes there are so many people browsing among the shelves in the streets that the police have to move them along. Whether it is true that scholarly old Mr. Foyle began by selling books on a barrow I do not know; those days are far away; nowadays the store is immensely, and rightly, prosperous.

That this is so is largely due to the remarkable enterprise of his pretty daughter Christina — again quoting Sir Compton Mackenzie—"one of the most romantic figures in modern London". It was she who thought of the luncheons. They were to be—and still are—non-profit making; and at first they were very modest, a few dozen people gathered together to meet the author of a new book. But Christina was such a charming hostess, she took such trouble about the food and the drink, that now the luncheons pack the great ballroom at the Dor-

chester in Park Lane. Royalty attends them—prime ministers, ambassadors, stars, everybody from the Emperor of Abyssinia to Groucho Marx. You can attend them too, if you are so inclined.

Well, the reason I mentioned these affairs is because Gladys Cooper was the guest of honor at the last luncheon, a few days ago, and because she triumphantly proved her right to the title of the most beautiful grandmother in the world. You can have your Marlene Dietrichs; the British product is incomparably lovelier; deep-set eyes, superb bone structure, slender neck, masses of lovely hair, faintly flecked with grey. And utterly without affectation. I was sitting by her side, and in front of her was a monster bouquet of sweet peas that I'd picked for her that morning at the crack of dawn. We talked gardening. "Can you ever get your nails properly clean in this wet weather, with all the weeding?" she inquired pathetically. She stretched out her hands, for me to see. They were delicate, sensitive, beautifully moulded. But—well, she obviously had been weeding!

It was a day of compliments for one of the most beloved figures of the British stage—who, incidentally, gave me my first task as a youthful dramatic critic. (The play, I remember, was *Magda*, and she electrified London by putting on a black wig.) One of those compliments was paid by another great star, Robert Morley, who married her daughter. "She may not be a perfect woman," he said, "and she may not be a perfect mother-in-law, but she is a perfect leading lady." That led to the prettiest compliment of all. It came from the Chairman—handsome go-getting Minister of Works, Sir David Eccles, who was so largely responsible for the smooth running of the Coronation ceremonies. He paid it, not to Gladys, but to the Queen. He said: "Not long ago I was concerned in a pretty big production myself—a production in which the whole Empire took part. And I too had the supreme advantage that any producer could desire; I had a perfect leading lady."

And so, out into Park Lane, where the rain has stopped for a few blessed minutes, though the plane trees are still heavy and glistening with moisture. As we walk towards Piccadilly heads are turned to stare at two daring French ladies who have braved the elements—and the curiosity of the crowds—to appear in Mr. Dior's new short dresses. They look quite extraordinary, and to me quite hideous, but then I have never got much kick out of female knees.

It happened that on the following morning I went to the opening of Norman Hartnell's Autumn Collection in Bruton Street, and spent an hour sitting on a small gold chair, feeling very like a fish out of water in such a drenchingly female atmosphere. All the women were aflutter about the short dresses and wondered if our Norman was going to do the same thing. He didn't. Not one short dress made its appearance; they were all long and billowy and intensely feminine. The women seemed very relieved. "We will *not* be dictated to" . . . that was their attitude. After the Show I asked Norman what he thought about Dior himself. He was so tactful and so charmingly evasive, and retreated in such a cloud of anomalous adjectives, that I suggested that he was wasted as a dress designer; he should be in the UN.

I HAVE got into a pickle, with the British public, for stating in a national newspaper that cricket is the most boring game ever invented. To date, the letters of protest that have rolled into the office number over three thousand, and they are still pouring in. People seemed particularly incensed by my suggestion that cricket was slow, and should be brightened by being played at double-quick time, with the fielders running to their places between the overs—if possible to music.

How do you feel about it? I have an idea that some Canadians, at least, might have seen my point of view if they had attended the Eton-Harrow match, the public school contest which is one of the events marking the end of the London season. The crowd was of the utmost elegance; all the men wore grey toppers, frock coats and red carnations; all the women wore exquisite hats and flimsy dresses, and many of them carried Edwardian parasols (though very few seemed to know how to use them with Edwardian grace, and carried them as though they had bought them for hoeing the garden).

There was lots of bubbly in the refreshment tents. But there was no bubbly in the game. It was as uninspiring as tepid tea. All that strolling about . . . all those pauses . . . all that fiddling.

How do *you* feel about it?

Horror Department: The latest magnet for London sight-seers is the house of that particularly gruesome murderer, John Christie, who was hanged in July. It is a squalid little building in a cul-de-sac called Rillington Place. The house is empty, the curtains are drawn, and there is nothing whatsoever to see. But on fine sunny days the crowds flock along, and stare and stare, and take out their cameras, and even photograph their children, standing in front of it.

People are odd. I have some sympathy with George Rogers, who is Socialist MP for North Kensington. He has headed a movement to have the house pulled down. Good for him. There are enough ghosts in London, as it is, without adding so unsavory a newcomer to their ranks.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

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Battle of the Sexes

Mrs. Doris Fosdick Denio, Miami, Florida, complained to a judge that her husband's habit of dyeing his hair green did not contribute to the peace and happiness of their married life. She said her husband refused to utter a word for days at a time, and refused to pay for her wedding rings despite the fact that he was earning $50 a night appearing as "the man with the green hair" at a Miami beach hotel.

Judge Julius H. Miner, Chicago, awarded a divorce to Raymond Grunwald, 41, who complained that his 24-year-old wife "Miss Popcorn of 1952" twice threw tableware at him in Chicago's "glass house", an apartment building with plate glass walls.

Mrs. Helen A. Smith filed a suit in Seattle to divorce Gordon W. Smith. She said in her complaint: "He has become so addicted to the playing of pinball machines that he is known to his associates as 'Tilt' Smith".

Men need psychological training before they can comprehend women's rising position in the world, Miss D. A. Griffin told the British National Union of Women Teachers at Exmouth, England. She said men are handicapped by having regarded themselves as superior for hundreds of years.

Nancy Beacroft, 26, admitted in a Toronto court that she broke four cups and four sugar bowls over a man's head in a downtown restaurant. "I was insulted," she said. She was fined $11 for malicious damage.

Craven 'A' are supreme in their quality..

How richly Craven 'A' deserve the fame they enjoy all over the world! So cool to the tongue and kind to the throat, they are completely and delightfully satisfying. Unapproached in their supreme quality, Craven 'A' are made from the world's costliest tobaccos.

CRAVEN PLAIN
without cork tip —
same fine quality as Craven 'A'

Craven 'A'
will not affect the throat
The largest selling cork-tip cigarette in the world.

Ottawa Letter

Decisive Mandate for the Liberals

THE RETURN of the Liberal party to power was foreshadowed by the results of the Gallup Poll published on the eve of the election, but everybody except its most exuberant supporters was surprised at its remarkable success in preventing any serious reduction of its huge majority. It again swept Quebec, made unexpected gains in the Maritime provinces, virtually held its own in Ontario and only suffered serious losses in Saskatchewan and British Columbia.

The new House of Commons will again not be a fair representation of public sentiment, but nevertheless the fresh mandate is decisive. The prevailing scale of prosperity was a great factor in the Liberal victory; it had brought millions of voters to a conservative mood and the Liberals, under a conservative leader of high character, wisely offered them a conservative program. If, however, the voters had taken more thought of the efficiency of Parliament and of broad national interests, they would have given a much stronger reinforcement to the opposition than they did.

From the start of the campaign the scales were weighted heavily in favor of the Liberal party. It had by far the largest campaign fund, and it could command the greatest array of competent speakers and experienced broadcasters. It may be possible, too, that its vast outlays of money on government contracts enabled it to apply subtle pressure upon the industrial and business communities in various directions.

Then the Liberals were able once more to pose successfully as the generous dispensers, to the less fortunate members of society, of blessings like family allowances, old age pensions and the benefits of unemployment insurance, and to suggest that if any other party was entrusted with power these safeguards against poverty and hardship might be removed. A gardener in Ottawa supplied to your correspondent evidence of how successfully the Liberals had contrived to implant this idea in many minds. When a neighbor, a large recipient of the benefits of the social security program, complained to him bitterly about the high cost of living, he said, "It's the government's fault and tomorrow you can help to put another party in power which might bring it down." Thereupon his neighbor said, "How dare you talk that way about a government which has been so good to folks like us! We won't take chances with another party."

The Liberals were also fortunate in having as their leader a man like Mr. St. Laurent, whose Franco-Irish strains of blood made him persona grata in special degree to both the French-Canadian and Irish voters. Moreover, he has a personality which has lent itself to dramatisation by skilful stage managers as a benevolent elder statesman, who has shed all personal ambition for himself and is anxious to spend his closing years in improving the lot of all classes of our community.

These observations about his peculiarly formidable equipment for the leadership of a Canadian political party must not detract from the credit due to him for the skill and finesse of his campaign. From its start he was the dominating personality in it, towering high above all his colleagues, and he outmanoeuvred and outmatched Mr. Drew in their oratorical duel. If his speeches were not models of classic eloquence and were flecked by some unfortunate gaffes (such as his ill-timed sneer at the Republican party of the United States), they were always couched in moderate terms, free from extreme partisan bias and were beautifully tuned to win the goodwill of a public which was enjoying a large measure of well diffused prosperity and was at the moment not avid for reforms.

In short, the Prime Minister proved himself, even more clearly than in 1949, a virtuoso in the art of electioneering, and his shoes will be hard for his party to fill.

THE well-oiled machinery employed by the Liberals for propaganda operated with smooth efficiency, but its manipulators in Quebec stooped very low when they fanned assiduously the prejudices of the Roman Catholic voters by representing Mrs. Drew as an apostate from the Roman Catholic church. The actual fact is that Mrs. Drew, the daughter of a Portuguese mother who died when she was an infant, was baptized a Roman Catholic but from early childhood was reared as an Anglican.

By contrast, the electioneering machinery of the Conservatives lumbered and creaked, and its central control at headquarters in Ottawa was undermanned. George C. Nowlan, the national chairman of the party, was preoccupied with his parliamentary duties; the management of the campaign ought to have been entrusted months before polling to some Conservative of high standing who was free to devote his whole energies to the business of organization and the enlistment of able and attractive candidates.

One sure win was forfeited because the Conservative nominee was at loggerheads with the rest of his kindred, the most influential family in the division. Another seat went down the drain because the Conservatives thought that their nomination was safely assured for an able young man with a fine war record, whose family had long been prominent and popular in its chief town; they took no precautions to prevent a discredited old warhorse, who had held the seat 20 years before but lost two later elections, from collecting a gang of wardheelers and capturing the nomination by a few votes. Then surely special pains should have been taken to produce a first-rate candidate against Defence Minister Claxton, who had been the chief target of the opposition's criticism; but negotiations with some promising aspirants were bungled, and the party had to fall back on a nominee who had the fatal disqualification of not residing in the division.

AS A campaigner, Mr. Drew was indefatigable, and no fault could be found with the form of his speeches, which were well phrased, carefully reasoned and delivered vigorously. He made the most of his strong case against the government, but the effect of his explicit pledge to reduce taxation was nullified when the Liberals were able to expose the high cost of his proposed reforms. However, his fatal mistake was his second gamble upon a bold bid for votes in Quebec, which failed conspicuously.

Premier Duplessis permitted some of his henchmen to work for Mr. Drew's candidates, but he did not offer even a mild exhortation to his followers in the Union Nationale party to vote for them, and as a result the Conservative gains in Quebec were negligible. But for his abortive gamble Mr. Drew paid a heavy price in the poorer provinces, whose treasuries are greatly enriched by the federal-provincial agreements on taxation. In these provinces the Liberals were able to frighten the voters with the prospect of a large increase in their provincial tax burdens if Mr. Drew were given power to destroy the tax agreements. Hence came the Liberal gains in the Maritime provinces and their retention of dubious seats in Manitoba.

Mr. Drew ought to have realised that the mass of French Canadians would never desert an eminent compatriot like Mr. St. Laurent.

After the Liberals, the CCF has the most reason to be satisfied with the election. With a substantial increase in its quota of seats through gains in Saskatchewan and British Columbia, the CCF owes a lot to the effective speeches of its leader, Mr. Coldwell. But it also profited in Saskatchewan by the miscalculations of Trade Minister Howe and Agriculture Minister Gardiner on grain-marketing policy, and by the Government's refusal to contribute to the irrigation project in the central area of the province. The Social Crediters held their own in Alberta but suffered a disappointment in British Columbia and remain a minor sectional party.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

Chess Problem

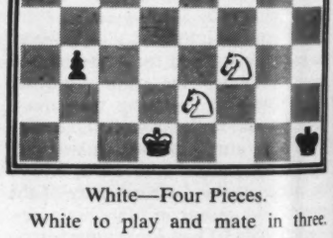
EARLIEST of the manuscripts of the Bonus Socius collection to be handed down to us, is now in the National Library at Florence. It has a total of 194 problems, largely the usual transcripts from Arabian sources, with some European betting problems. But significant is the inclusion of a few positions with a decided individuality, their strategic content being extraneous to all the other mediaeval collections. A famous example is:

White: K on Q3; Rs on QR7 and KR7. Black: K on Q1; Kt on Q3. Mate in two. Key-move 1.KR-KKt7.

All efforts to identify Bonus Socius have proved unavailing. In two of the later extensions of the Florentine manuscript in the National Library in Paris, Nicholes de St. Nicholai is substituted for the pseudonym, but this may be the name of the copyist a matter of fifty years later. Conjecture includes translation to simply a profession of good companionship, which led to the naming of the famous defunct Good Companions Chess Problem Club International, 1913-1924.

Problem No. 27, by O. Wurzburg.

Black—Four Pieces.



White—Four Pieces.

White to play and mate in three.

Solution of Problem No. 26

Key-move 1.R-K3, threatening 2.Q-Q2 mate. The theme variation is 2.Kt-B3ch; 2.Kt-K7 mate, with interference unpin of the mating Kt. If Kt-B4ch; 2.Kt-B7 mate. If B-Kt5; 2.RxP mate. If P-B6; 2.Q-R2 mate.

There is a minor dual after B-B4.

By no means all the possible blendings with the half-pin are presented in the half-pin, interference unpin, cross-check theme. Tuxen composed a half-pin, unpin, cross-check two-er with almost a complete knight wheel. Then he shows mutual interference between the black Q of one half-pin pair, and the R of another pair, a mutual interference known in longer problems as the Plachutta.

"CENTAUR."

Sports

Is That a Buoy, Boy?

A STUMPY SHROPSHIRE lad with a chest as broad as the base of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square was the innocent cause of Lloyds of London raising the maritime insurance rates in British coastal waters. If Cap'n Matthew Webb had confined his aquatic adventures to his own bath-tub, the English Channel still would be navigable during the summer months.

Of course, if Cap'n Webb never had ventured beyond the rim of his tub, it is unlikely that he would have made his way into one of those blue-bound volumes of the Dictionary of National Biography. The Cap'n won himself a small niche in the halls of English history, and he won himself an alcove in the Museum of that half-world which is inhabited by flag-pole-sitters, bunion-derby competitors, marathon dancers, six-day bicycle racers and gentlemen who munch electric light bulbs.

At this late date, there is no reason to believe that Cap'n Matthew sought notoriety, but he is remembered as the man who donned a coat of porpoise grease one afternoon in 1875 and swam the English Channel from Dover to Calais.

He was born in Dawley, Shropshire, and he was one of 12 children, eight of whom were boys. As often was the case in large families, he became a naval cadet, and eventually shipped aboard merchant vessels in the East Indian and China trade.

It was on one of these voyages that a shipmate fell out of the rigging into what Cap'n Webb's biographers describe as "The Russian Sea." Without hesitation, Webb leaped into the water which was colder than the bottom of an Eskimo's kayak. Unfortunately, when Webb recovered the body of his shipmate, it was frozen so stiff that it didn't thaw out until the ship docked in England, but he was awarded the medal of the Royal Humane Society.

In 1875, at the age of 27, Webb was acting captain of the good ship *Emerald*, and he was a national legend. He had rescued more men than the Salvation Army and a citizen scarcely could fall into a beer vat without Cap'n Webb appearing to save him from the overpowering vapors of the hops.

At this stage, Webb apparently decided to capitalize on his aquatic skill and durability. In the course of a discussion with some sporting gentlemen, he wagered that he could stay in the water longer than a Newfoundland dog. The sporting gentlemen selected a suitable Newfoundland dog by the process of elimination. Their candidate was a black Newfie which perspired any time that the temperature rose above 20 degrees Fahrenheit.

Despite the low boiling-point of his canine rival, Cap'n Webb won the contest in a dog-paddle. After they had been in the water for an hour and a half, to quote the Dictionary of National Biography, "the poor beast was nearly drowned."

Cap'n Webb collected his wager, made a handsome contribution to the SPCA, and looked around for saltier waters to be conquered.

History records that Webb wasn't the first man to cross the Channel while immersed in the water. As you might have guessed, the first man was an American scallywag named Captain Paul Boyton. However, Captain Boyton's performance was strictly ersatz in that he was wearing one of those new-fangled life-vests and he permitted himself to be carried across by the ebbing and flowing tides, buoyed by his corks and aided by the occasional desultory flip of his hands.

Captain Boyton made his aided crossing in May, 1875. Webb promptly announced that he would show America that Britannia still ruled the waves. He made his first attempt to swim the Channel on August 12, 1875, but it ended in failure when a tricky tide drove him back towards the English coast.

Then, at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of August 24, 1875, he plunged into the Channel from a Dover dock. It is notable that Cap'n Webb established the great tradition which is honored by modern Channel swimmers. He coated himself in porpoise grease to combat the chill of the water. Statisticians reveal that, on the historic afternoon, he was 27 years of age. He was five feet eight inches tall and, before applying the grease, he weighed 14 stone, 8 pounds. When completely deflated, he measured 41 inches around the chest.

In the next 22 hours, he sustained himself on a diet of cod liver oil, beef tea, brandy, coffee and strong ale. Never at any time did he touch the accompanying rowboat. He employed the breast-stroke almost exclusively and he averaged 20 strokes to the minute. An escort vessel carried a party of journalists who sustained themselves on a diet of gin and bitters and who completed the crossing in much worse shape than Cap'n Webb.

There were several tense hours, just off the French coast, when the tides carried Webb back to sea and he disappeared in a lowering fog. Finally he waded ashore at Calais, calling loudly for more strong ale. The journalists immediately suffered a second attack of mal de mer. Navigators reckoned that Cap'n Webb had stroked 40 miles.

Matthew Webb established another tradition — Channel swimmers never become wealthy.

Cap'n Webb won a wager of only £125 on his crossing. However, his enthusiastic countrymen raised a rather handsome purse for him, but eight years later, after giving exhibitions throughout Europe and North America, he was down to his last canister of porpoise grease.

In a final desperate attempt to achieve solvency, he determined to swim the rapids and whirlpool below Niagara Falls. In this venture, he was subsidized by transportation companies which carried thousands of spectators to The Falls on the afternoon of July 24, 1883.

The whirlpool engulfed him. He rose above the waters once, lifting his arms over his head. In agony, he looked once towards the Canadian shore, and then he died.

THE SECOND classic example of a person swimming the Channel only to find a mess of pottage waiting on the shelving shore was that of Gertrude Ederle. Miss Ederle was the first woman to beat The Channel, but unfortunately, she wasn't built along the pulchritudinous proportions of Esther Williams or Eleanor Holm.

It wasn't until August 6, 1926, that stocky Trudy made the crossing from Cap Gris Nez to Kingsdown in 14 hours. She was a 90-day heroine of the Torrid Twenties and then she lapsed into obscurity. She simply didn't have the figure.

Well, they're at it again. Since World War II, The Channel has been conquered on numerous occasions and, during the current summer, the narrow stretch of water has been infested with glamor girls, schoolteachers, bank clerks and grandfathers. So many Egyptians have swum the Channel in recent years that the skippers of regular Channel steamers are complaining that the swimmers are a menace to shipping. The seamen are petitioning the International Maritime Commission to force the swimmer to carry navigation lights.

Nothing remains to be accomplished now, unless some intrepid natator swims the Channel underwater.

To your correspondent's knowledge, only one person has attempted this feat. The person in question was Yousuff, The Terrible Turk, a professional wrestler who invaded America during the First World War. With considerable justification, he didn't trust American wrestling promoters and, rather than being paid in banknotes or cheques, he insisted upon being paid in gold coins. At all times (except when he was engaged in combat in the ring) he carried these gold coins around his waist in a money-belt.

When he was returning to Europe, his ship was torpedoed. The Terrible Turk plunged overboard and struck out resolutely for the European shore. He was a mighty man and, although he maintained a forward progress, the weight of his gold also maintained a downward progress. As yet, he hasn't reached shore and it may be assumed that he was the victim of his own avarice.

The moral of this little story is: "If they can't pay off in coin, don't be silly enough to refuse a bank draft."

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Music

Summer Comedy in the Round

IT IS NOW THE HIGH time of summer theatre. In Eastern Canada, particularly, hardly a village is without its performance of *Hay Fever,* and *Petticoat Fever,* and all the other traditional pieces. But here and there, particularly in Vancouver and Toronto, there is a little variety in the summer diet.

In Vancouver, there is the Theatre Under the Stars, which presents musical comedies to an audience seated in an out-door theatre. The performers are on a stage sheltered by a bowl. For a number of years now, Theatre Under the Stars has been very successful. At one time, the management followed a policy of importing so-called stars from New York that very few of us had ever heard of. Since that time, they have realized that the home address does not make the performer, and that there are some Canadian artists whose work is just as good or even better. The old argument that used to be brought against Canadian performers, "If they're as good as all that, what are they doing in Canada? Why don't they go some place else?" is now being firmly answered, "They are in Canada because they prefer to be in Canada!"

Theatre Under the Stars has, of course, the priceless advantage of taking place in Stanley Park. Surrounded by tall trees and looking towards the mountains, the theatre is in a better position than if it were bounded by a super-highway, a place for stock-car racing and a Midway. Such are the surroundings of Melody Fair, the summer season of musical comedies which takes place in Toronto. I must add, however, that these several disadvantages are not obtrusive once you are inside the tent, for Melody Fair puts on its shows in the round, under a tent.

A performance in the round is nothing new. This is the usual way a circus is performed. Everything takes place in the middle of the theatre, and the audience sits all the way round it. It has many advantages. The seats are much nearer the stage. There is more contact between the performers and the audience. It is possible to use different aisles as entrances. The action takes place with radial symmetry, as in the starfish, instead of everything being disposed on one side as in the proscenium stage and the halibut.

There are corresponding disadvantages, especially if the enunciation is poor (as it sometimes is). Then it becomes almost impossible to make out what is happening if a singer has his back to you. It might seem as though there would be difficulty in following the beat, but I noticed no trouble during *The Cat and the Fiddle,* which is the Melody Fair show I have just been to see. This may well be because the singers take care to turn to the conductor when they are going to need his assistance; or it may be because most of the rhythm is of an extremely obvious kind, and hardly needs very much to keep an experienced singer in tempo.

But the great disadvantage of the theatre in the round is that it brings out the nature of the play much more fully than the proscenium theatre. This is excellent if we are seeing Shakespeare, or perhaps Mozart's *Don Giovanni;* or even *Guys and Dolls* and *South Pacific.* All this work is built on a skeleton of some sort, and the X-ray effect of the theatre in the round merely brings out the strong underlying bony structure. But *The Cat and the Fiddle* dates from 1931, and musical comedies in those days were flabby, filleted things. And when one of these boneless wonders is served up on the stage of theatre in the round, it lies there like a stranded jellyfish, and quivering feebly, disintegrates before our eyes.

Not that *The Cat and the Fiddle* is entirely a bad show. The music is by Jerome Kern, and is never dull. *The Night Was Made for Love,* and *She Didn't Say Yes, She Didn't Say No* both come from this show. By the way, the tag of the latter song comes off much better as a popular song than it does as a show number. It has to do, you will recall, with a young lady who is being urged to stay on in a man's apartment. She is in two minds about it; and the last line resolves the matter by saying that what she actually did was just what you would do. Unfortunately, in the show she is forced to do something definite and the requirements of the plot mean that there must be no ambiguity whatsoever.

The world of musical comedy is one in which I move gropingly. I find the story so hard to follow. There are so many elaborate explanations of things which I do not feel need explaining (such as why the hero and heroine fell in love). We hear very often that we ought not to take such things seriously; but unhappily the composer and the librettist persist in taking them seriously. At any rate, they exhaust themselves in efforts to make the improbable seem plausible. Many a good opera, both light and heavy has a foolish plot. Nothing could be more imbecile than the action of the *Magic Flute,* for example. But the good ones pass over the folly in a word or two, and get down to the real business of the evening, which is the artistic rendering of human emotions. In the bad ones, the folly *is* the business of the evening; all the time that might be spent on rapture, and other agreeable feelings, is wasted in grimly hammering out the discrepancies of the postal service which have kept the lovers apart.

Nor is this all. The bad musical comedies of the twenties and thirties invariably separate musical action and dramatic action. It is extraordinary how evident this is on the stage of Melody Fair. In the *Cat and the Fiddle,* there is one sequence which may be said to be both dramatic and musical; when the young composer, working at the piano, is disturbed by another piano across the way which the audience knows is, in fact, being played by the heroine. We no longer put up with this sort of thing. *Oklahoma!* brought the methods of musical comedy much closer to those of the best music drama. Nowadays, we expect a musical to sweep us into music at high points in the action. Think of the crap-game in *Guys and Dolls;* the sequence which included the song *Luck, Be a Lady Tonight,* and continued into that expressive and exciting dance of the crap-shooters. There, the music and the action come together and both benefit.

The older style of musical comedy, whose plot was merely an excuse for musical stopping places, now seems very barren by comparison. At one time we thought that musicals had to be written this way. If anything more elaborate was attempted, the audience would arise in wrath, and go elsewhere. Now we find that the best musicals are often indistinguishable in method from music drama of any other kind. They certainly differ in theme and in idiom, but it is now axiomatic that the music should illuminate the action and not alleviate it.

But, alas, there are not as yet too many modern musicals available. All the same, you might find it worthwhile seeing a musical in the round; for whatever else it does, there is no doubt that this method of production makes good shows better, and bad shows worse. It will not be long before you find out what to stay away from.

LISTER SINCLAIR

•

Iceberg of the Mind

On what grey storm-swept seas of thought
Can argosies of anger now embark?
Within what dark and phantom tides are caught
The grappling irons that scar the censor-shark?
The cautionary chart-room of the mind
Can warn of hidden shoal and guardless reef,
But in the swift and swirling wake behind,
You leave the drifting debris of belief.
This unhorizoned waste of endless sea
Is snared with secret soundings never taken,
Wherein your dying world drifts aimlessly,
A mountain with no visible formation—
This is the iceberg of the mind, whose outer peak
Forever guards the inner mystery you seek.

VERNAL HOUSE

Books

Seen Through a Temperament

A HANDSOME NEW edition of Emile Zola's *Pot-Bouille*, in an unfamiliar, excellent translation by Percy Pinkerton has been brought out, with good illustrations by Philip Gough, and an introduction by Angus Wilson. I have also received a study of Zola's work by Dr. F. W. J. Hemmings which is of great interest. Are we in for a Zola revival? If so it is time for us to do a little thinking about Zola.

I cannot pretend that I am equipped to offer any opinions of particular interest on this author, for I have not read more than half-a-dozen of his novels, in translation. *Pot-Bouille*, translated as *Restless House*, was new to me, and I read it with keen interest. It is not fair to Zola to treat this book as an isolated work, for it is one of the twenty novels of his Rougon-Macquart series, and not one of the most important of these. But as I read it, the flavor of the other Zola books that I have read rose again in my throat — a strong flavor, like fried liver, not altogether unpleasant but not something which one seeks to perpetuate.

What is *Pot-Bouille* about? It has very little plot, but it describes life in a middle-class apartment house in the Paris of the Second Empire. Octave Meuret, a young draper on the make, comes to it from the South, gets a job in a nearby shop, and is received into its society. And what a society! The better apartments are occupied by bourgeois families, nauseating in their hypocrisy and scheming; the single rooms are filled with cads like Meuret; the servants' rooms at the top and back of the house are nasty attics, where helpless and hopeless people fret and stew. The whole house bubbles and boils with disagreeable intrigue; daughters are married off to stupid bachelors; rich uncles are leeched upon and rich grandfathers are courted; adultery on the most sordid and unsatisfactory level is sneakingly contrived; dirty maidservants are sordidly seduced; the whole place is a muddle of shabby social pretence and spiritual degradation. Of this book Zola wrote: "Not a page, not a line of *Pot-Bouille* was written by me except with the express desire to give it a moral purpose. I agree that it is a cruel work, but, more than that, it is a moral work, in the true, philosophical sense of the word."

What was Zola's moral purpose in writing this book? Obviously it is part of his vendetta with the Middle Class, and as he was an honest man we must accept the picture he gives us of the French Middle Class under the Second Empire as a true one. And we must also admit that it has truth as a description of one aspect of the Middle Class in our own day, and in Canada as well as anywhere else. If we define the Middle Class as that section of society which works for its living without being dependent entirely upon the week's wages for the week's necessities we must agree that a large part of mankind belongs to it. Many of the world's evils are the evils of the Middle Class.

To be just, however, we must point out that most of what is good in the world is also the work of this same Middle Class. The arts, the letters and sciences depend upon the Middle Class for support and for most of their practitioners. Charities are kept afloat by the contributions of the Middle Class. In the Middle Class can be found stupidity, hypocrisy, vulgarity and pettiness of spirit: but it is also possible to find intelligence, honor, freedom of intellect and greatness there. Why did Zola harp so upon the vilest aspects of this large group in society?

Plainly it was because in France, in the Second Empire, the Middle Class was at a low ebb, as it tends to be under repressive and stupid governments. But I think that there was another, and more important, reason. Zola, in one of his earliest books, called a work of art "a corner of Creation seen through a temperament." He later became fond of calling himself "a physician of the social body." His temperament was one through which it was possible to see what was vile much more clearly than what was beautiful; he was the sort of physician who is positively exhilarated by the sight of a nice, pussy boil, ripe for his lancet. He got his best inspiration from what was disgusting and reprehensible, and he set about the exposure of social rottenness with the zeal of a reformer.

This is not to say that Zola was a nasty fellow, who gloated over filth. That was the opinion of many people in his day, but such an opinion can only be held by people who have no understanding of the creative mind and the artistic temperament. For Zola was an artist of formidable capacity, and he had the sensitivity of a poet. He may well have been a disappointed idealist. But he was very much intent upon playing the moralist, and the desire to play the moralist plays the very devil with artistic work of all sorts. The yearning to put "moral purpose" into a piece of writing brings about a distortion of emphasis which harms the artistic form of the work.

IF ANYONE doubts this, let him make a comparison between the work of Zola, as shown in *Pot-Bouille* and that of Stendhal, as shown in *La Chartreuse de Parme*. The comparison is not as far-fetched as it may

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appear at first glance. Both are novels about intrigue, mean ambitions, corruption and adultery. But where Zola tackles his theme with the clothespin-on-the-nose air of the reformer, Stendhal goes to work with the genial exuberance of the artist who delights in the variety of scoundrelism which mankind exhibits. Zola points to wickedness with a bony finger, in case we should miss it; Stendhal describes it, and leaves us to draw our own conclusions. In short, Zola is the moralist, Stendhal the artist. And in consequence we leave *Pot-Bouille* like people who have had their heads shoved into a basket of dirty laundry, while we rise from *La Chartreuse de Parme* refreshed and exhilarated.

Dr. Hemming's book about Zola is interesting and enlightening, and we can forgive him for pointing up the virtues of his subject, and toning down his defects; this is not done in an unscholarly or superficial fashion, and is plainly the result of personal enthusiasm and appreciation. As he points out, Zola cared little for single characters, and sought to write about "the individual in whom lives all humanity." This Zola was better equipped to do than many of the writers who have followed his lead and have given us the sorrows of the proletariat at inordinate length, for Zola never completely ceased to be a poet and an artist, and shy beams of sunlight peep through the determined, worthy gloom of his writing. Again to return to *Pot-Bouille*, it contains a fine description of the miseries of the servant, Adèle, bearing a child in solitude in her attic room: but O what a clinic of literary obstetrics these, and similar passages in Zola, have foisted upon the novel-reading world! Maiden ladies and male novelists who have read about childbirth in books have been giving us this scene ever since, but utterly drained of Zola's intensity and imaginative power!

Zola wrote tracts for his times. Since his day society has advanced somewhat, on this continent at least. George Orwell, in his description of a French hospital, suggested that a similar advance has not been made in France. But when we in Canada read Zola, we read him as we read Dickens, and our indignation, if we feel any, is for the wrongs and horrors of a past age. Adultery, hypocrisy, social climbing and avarice are still to be found among us, but they do not wear the faces which Zola has put upon them. We must approach Zola, then, with the history of his time well in mind, and we must discount at least eighty per cent of his moral fervor, for it is cant — though cant of a superior order. Our age has its own cant, and people who like canting novels like them to be about the contemporary world. It is the considerable artistry and poetry in Zola which endure.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

RESTLESS HOUSE—by Emile Zola—pp. 434 and illustrations by Philip Gough — *Ambassador*—$2.75.

EMILE ZOLA — by F. W. J. Hemmings — pp. 291, appendix and index — *Oxford* — $4.50.

In Brief

PRINCE OF PLAYERS, EDWIN BOOTH — by Eleanor Ruggles—pp. 386, illustrated and indexed—*McLeod*—$5.00.

This is the best and most complete life of Edwin Booth that has yet been written, for it collects and organizes the information about him admirably. It has two faults, however, which mar it. The author is too much the partisan of her subject, and tends to deny other actors—Henry Irving, for example—their due in order to throw Booth into greater relief. She also over-writes in a manner which is sometimes foolish and occasionally irritating. Her desire to be vivid betrays her into lurid and tasteless passages, as when, describing the death of John Wilkes Booth, she writes "His eyes screamed with agony." But the story of this great actor survives such bedizenment surprisingly well, and will grip the imagination even of readers not keenly interested in the stage.

HOW TO PLANT YOUR HOME GROUND—by Henry B. Aul—pp. 374 and index—illustrated with sketches—*McLeod*—$4.35.

A good practical book of advice about how to make the most of your garden, aimed at the owner of a modest, but not tiny, city lot. The information is detailed, and Mr. Aul has something to say about every problem which is likely to crop up in an ordinary garden. We must be grateful, also, because he has avoided the sin

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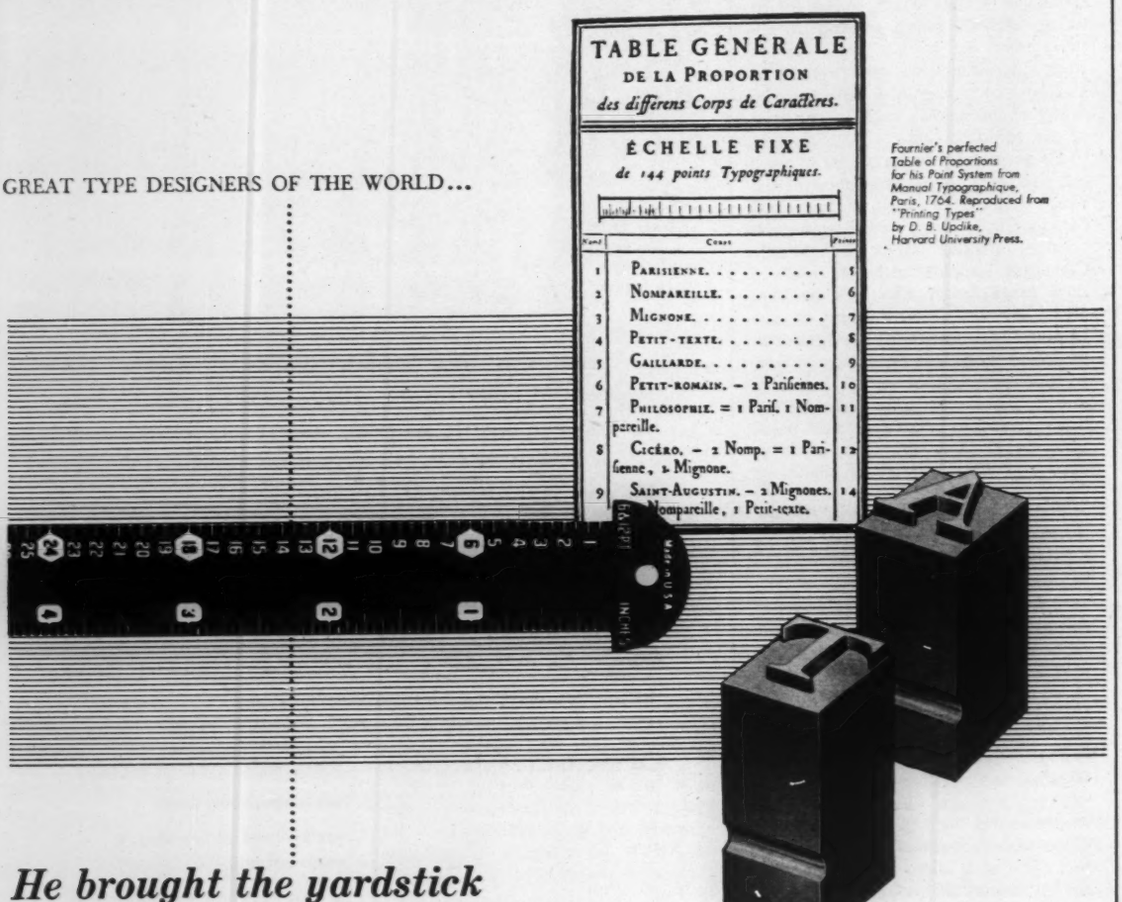

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of so many writers on gardens which is, of course, flowery prose; he is simple, direct and sensible.

THE GREAT CHARLIE—by Robert Payne—pp. 287 and illustrated—*Ambassador*—$3.25.

A somewhat heavy discussion of Charlie Chaplin's genius and career, in which a considerable amount of able criticism rubs shoulders with what looks suspiciously like nonsense. Dissertations on comedy are notably unsuccessful, and descriptions of why a funny man is funny can quickly make their writer look silly. But Mr. Payne is undoubted, if not complete, victor in this struggle, and his book is valuable and interesting.

FATHER BENSON OF COWLEY — by M. V. Woodgate—pp. 183—*British Books*—$2.50.

Simple and unaffected, this life of the founder of the Cowley Fathers is deeply moving, for it is a story of love and devotion. Benson was brought up as an Evangelical Anglican in the middle years of the nineteenth century, and his move toward Anglo-Catholicism and his founding of the Society of St. John The Evangelist for Church of England monks was a critical move in an important religious struggle. People interested in the work of the Cowley Fathers in Canada will value this book.

T. R. GLOVER—a biography by H. G. Wood —pp. 225 and index—*Cambridge*—$4.50.

The many Canadian friends of Terrot Reaveley Glover will be glad to have this account of his life, which is sympathetic, but sober and just. A great Latin scholar and a mighty figure among the Baptists, Glover travelled widely, and his enthusiasm and unaffected interest in people made him friends wherever he went. He was a man of great sweetness of nature, and his biographer has been happy in conveying much of this without dwelling sentimentally upon it.

WITH A QUIET HEART—an autobiography by Eva Le Gallienne—pp. 303, illustrated, with index—*Macmillan*—$5.25.

Eva Le Gallienne has not been the most successful of American actresses if success is measured in money and favorable criticisms; there can be no doubt, however, that her name will be an honored one in the American theatre when most of the successes of our day are forgotten. She has given her life to the task of interesting American theatre-goers in plays of the finest quality; she has organized several companies for this purpose, competing with the most ruthless money-grubbers in the theatre world; she has survived the sneers and even the malignance of critics and theatre cynics. Here, for a change, is a theatrical autobiography which is not a welter of illiterate vanity, and a record of tawdry triumphs. It is the quiet personal record of a woman of noble ambitions and fine spirit.

A TREASURY OF INSULT—by Gilbert Harding —pp. 102—*Ambassador*—$1.50.

Gilbert Harding has made a reputation in the BBC as a kind of Poor Man's Dr. Johnson, based upon his ability to utter common sense in an uncompromising manner. This little book, however, is a mess, ill-organized, ill-advised in its selections, and apparently rooted in the notion that nobody knows any of the classic insults of history but Mr. Harding. This is all the more disappointing, as we might have expected a good anthology on such a subject from such a source.

ONE MAN'S MEAT—by Ludovic Kennedy—pp. 165—*Longmans, Green*—$2.75.

Why should a man of 34 publish a section of his diary? Mr. Kennedy says that he wrote this book while engaged on some research, that he publishes it with some hesitation, and that his only object is to entertain. It is a book of gossip, not illuminated by reflection, learning, or unusual incidents, and it is hamstrung by that dreadful false modesty which afflicts so many young English writers. Self-examination, to be interesting, must go deeper than this: gossip, to be recorded, must be brighter.

AUSTRALIA, HER STORY—by Kylie Tennant —pp. 279 and index—*Macmillan*—$3.00.

This is an extremely close-packed history of Australia from 1606 until today, but the emphasis is upon the period of the convict settlement and the extraordinary development which followed it. It is a miracle that Britain should have so abused a colony and yet brought forth a great nation which still retains an affection for the homeland. It is an extraordinary story of bravery, endurance and fantastic coincidence, and it is one with which Canadians should be acquainted. Yet when we have read it we may wonder why it has passed, today, into a phase in which Australian adventurousness seems to be turned against

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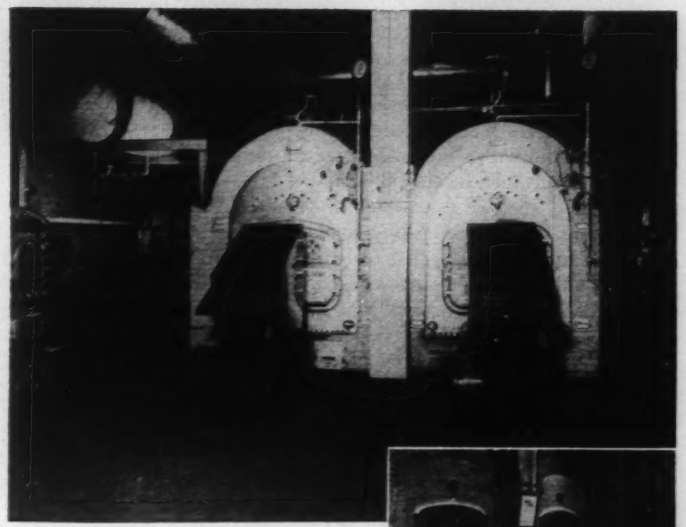

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PACKAGE UNIT has forced draft burner (for oil, gas or combination oil-gas firing) with complete pre-wired and factory tested control panel. Capacities to 500 bhp.

Dual Responsibility . . .

In the coffee houses of Elizabethan England were born certain financial practices which in modified form are in use to-day. For example . . . "underwriting". Underwriting originated with marine insurance, and the term "underwriter" was applied to a man who had written his name under or at the foot of an agreement and thereby assumed a portion of a shipping risk. Early London coffee houses witnessed the signing of many an underwriting agreement.

To-day in the Canadian investment business, "underwriting" usually means the purchase by an investment dealer . . . or a group of dealers . . . of a new issue of securities of a business corporation, or a government. These securities are reoffered to investors.

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In this business of underwriting, we at Ames feel we have a dual responsibility. We have a responsibility to the issuing corporation because so often we are called upon to advise the issuer as to the type of security which he should create . . . the amount which he should issue . . . and the rate which he should set by way of interest or dividend. We have an obligation to our investing clients, too. We must satisfy ourselves that the corporations whose securities we buy are soundly financed and well managed . . . that the business has a future as well as a past . . . that the securities themselves are legally created and that interest or dividend rates are fair to the investor.

We have an obligation also to provide the prospective purchaser with all information about the company which might affect his judgment. It is described by Securities Commissions as the principle of "full and complete disclosure". This information is set out in a prospectus, a copy of which is delivered to every investor before he buys a corporation security from one of our new underwritings.

We do not want to create the impression of course that we think that every one of our underwritings is suitable for the investment account of every one of our clients. The selection of securities, whether those securities are part of a new underwriting or not, should be based on the individual needs and wishes of the person involved. When it comes to selecting securities to fit a particular purpose . . . or designing a list to suit the personal desire of an investor . . . we think we can help, because we have had long experience in this business. We invite you to have a chat with us either personally or by mail. You will be welcome in any of our offices.

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Australian progress, and economic muddle puts chains upon the descendants of brave pioneers.

HERE'S A HOW-DE-DO—by Martin Greene—pp. 210—illustrated—*British Books*—*$4.25.*

Gossip by the celebrated comedian of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, who has now left Gilbert and Sullivan for the legitimate stage. It is amusingly written, and admirers of Mr. Greene and Savoyards generally will welcome it.

THE LODGER—by Marie Belloc Lowndes—pp. 306—*Longmans, Green*—*$3.25.*

A reprint of the famous thriller by the sister of the late Hilaire Belloc. It has, for some time, been available only in paper-back copies and it is worthy of a permanent form.

THE GLORIOUS YEARS—by H. T. Cozens-Hardy—pp. 241, illustrated and indexed—*McGraw-Hill*—*$4.75.*

The writer of this book is described as "one of Fleet Street's grand old men," and he writes in the rattling, shallow style affected by too many journalists. In his preface he advises his readers "to learn the useful art of skipping," and one is tempted to extend this advice to include the whole book. However, readers of social history are used to sifting such dustbins of recollection as this, and there are a few nuggets here to reward their labour. The flavor of life during the early years of this century is authentically (though quite inadvertently) imparted, and famous names are tossed about.

B.E.N.

THE SQUARE TRAP—by Irving Schulman—pp. 374—*McClelland & Stewart*—*$4.00.*

A sympathetic story about the hard lot of the poor Mexican in California, and the shattered dreams of the son of such a family who falls in love with prize-fighting.

Realism, of course, right for the subject—if you like it.

NINE DAYS TO MUKALLA — by Frederick Prokosch—pp. 249—*MacMillan*—*$3.50.*

Journey in time in a double sense for two English women and two American men plane-wrecked on the sands of Arabia, dropped by chance into a world that is the antithesis of all their previous experience. Vividly and sensitively written, with great imaginative appeal, but overlaid with some fuzzy mysticism.

M. A. H.

• •

Your Daze Work!

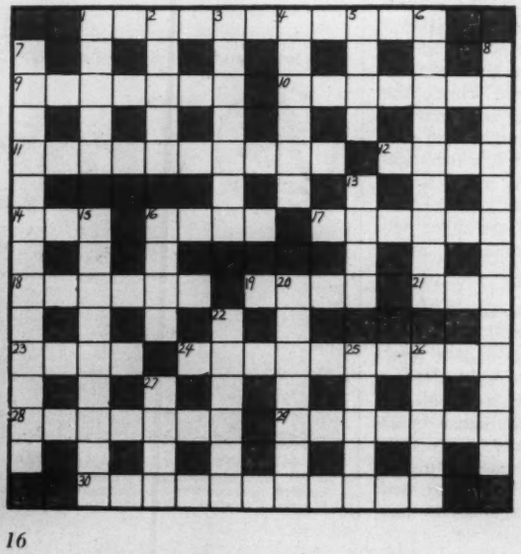
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. It's unusual to demand a clear passage. (3,2,3,3)
9. The laundress spends her time washing . . . . . ing, like a dog, perhaps. (7)
10. Pass inside, but you'll have to back out. (7)
11. One recruit who keeps a stiff upper lip, though he loses his head. (3, 7)
12. Yet a square one is likely to result in curves. (4)
14. We've often wondered how many salt shakers his wife filled. (3)
16. Bird songs at nesting time? (4)
17. There's a little doubt as to how sad this may be. (6)
18. This explains it. There's no way out! (6)
19. She loves me to the end! (4)
21. Yes, if changed it'll be for ever. (3)
23. Now's your chance to spet it! (4)
24. Othello, perhaps, returns after having a 12. (6, 4)
28. Muse that made Pete rue his poetic aspirations? (7)
29. Make the pea soup a little thicker, maybe. (7)
30. 1 down. "Good morning!" "Good afternoon!" but surely not "Good night!" (4,3,4,2,3)

DOWN

1. See 30.
2. Roots in a trunk and finds the body. (5)
3. A clear 24 hours to pay court? (4, 3)
4. See 16 down.
5. Dry! We are, extremely! (4)
6. "O, call back . . . . . , bid time return!" (King Richard II). (9)
7. Where people can't enjoy free speech. (3, 10)
8. Birds that might make a hit in China. (13)
13. With which an old woman beat the housing shortage. (4)
15. Where one is bound to get off the track? (5, 4)
16, 4. Some artists prefer to be so, rather than take short cuts. (10)
20. Draw your nose up at the French! (7)
22. Show me the way to go home! (6)
25. He looks as though he could sing Strauss' "Laughing Song" quite naturally. (5)
26. Has she nothing to live for? (5)
27. The course in which a star turns? (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 4. 6, 2, 26. Ships that pass in the night 10. Attract
11. Trebled 12. Opening
14. Disown
15, 17. Ancient Mariner
19. Enlists 21. Lectern
23. Armada 25. Entente
28. Bedroom
29. Mirages 30. Diet
31. Star 32. Het up

DOWN

1. Sea voyage
2. See 1 across
3. Seaside
4. Tot
5. Acted
7. Allowance
8. Soda
9. Lessor
13. Gates
16. Coleridge
17 and 29. Mal de mer
18. Runners-up
20. Season
22. Catarrh
24. Admit
26. See 1 across
27. Abed
29. See 17 down. (275)

Business

Diagnosis of Canada's Economic Health

By C. M. SHORT

JUST ABOUT A YEAR AGO, in our first diagnosis of Canada's economic health, it was found that, as a result of political and business miscalculations and excesses, many industries and their employees were in distress of one kind or another; that while Canada's rearmament program might seem large in plans and expenditures, it was concentrated at a comparatively few large industrial centres which could turn out the aircraft and naval vessels making up about two-thirds of this program.

Accordingly, there was never a sound basis for the widespread belief that the rearmament of this country would create acute shortages of labor and materials, except those of the most strategic types—steel, nickel and various other non-ferrous metals, for example. Instead of shortages of almost everything, it was found that there were ample supplies of most consumer goods, including food, even though crop yields in eastern and central Canada were relatively much less favorable than those of the west and that farmers almost everywhere were handicapped by rising costs in their operations and declining prices for their products.

Subsequently it was brought out in this publication that labor and governments had benefited the most from a generally high rate of production, labor by insisting upon, and getting, higher wages without doing much, if any, more work, and governments by extracting more taxes from all classes of people. The best that could be said for the national economy was that about half of the public was in a flourishing condition, and the rest, mainly farmers, investors and salaried people, were on the decline.

The present is as good a time as any in the entire year to make a fresh examination of the economy. In this new analysis, we find that great changes have taken place in the past year, some for the better and others for the worse. Many industries, notably the textile trades, made necessary readjustments, particularly in reducing burdensome inventories which were built up during the period of scare buying resulting from fears of widespread shortages of materials and goods. These industries therefore put themselves in a position to take advantage of a stronger demand for their products which developed late in 1952 and continued into the early part of the current year.

The strengthened demand was due largely to the lifting of official credit restrictions and the consequent tremendous increase in instalment sales, which rose by over 90 per cent in some lines and provided abnormal stimuli to the automotive, furniture and household appliance trades, as well as to certain textile mills and garment manufacturers. Cash sales increased at a much smaller rate, about 6 per cent. An even more unsatisfactory condition is found in sales of such everyday necessities as food which throughout most of the period under review actually declined. The only valid conclusion is that a great many people, mainly those who obtained higher wage rates, rushed to buy on the instalment plan things that were denied them while the credit restrictions were in effect, even to the point of doing without more essential commodities.

It is no secret that public authorities, as well as some businessmen and financial institutions, have been quite seriously concerned over such an unhealthy state of domestic trade and that the inevitable reaction to this sort of over-crediting has now set in. Reflecting the difficulties encountered by agriculture, sales of country general stores, which of course carry a wide range of goods, have shown an almost steady decline.

Foreign trade records reveal some unusual changes. Exports were recently stimulated by abnormally large shipments of wheat and flour overseas, 10 per cent above those of a year previous. This season they were practically equal to the peak in 1945, when war-devastated countries needed all the bread grains that they could acquire with their own funds and as aid from more fortunate nations, such as the United States and Canada. There have also been quite substantially larger foreign sales of Canadian non-ferrous metals. But looking over the fifteen leading export commodity groups we find nearly half showing smaller shipments abroad, with rather depressing effects on a number of industries and consequent shortened working time, and even layoffs of labor.

Some of the reasons for these declines are to be found in the high manufacturing costs of this country, which, though dropping slightly from a year ago, are still at levels that enable lower-priced foreign goods to undersell Canadian exporters in many markets, and to attract imports to Canada. Competitors abroad have hurt us not only in our foreign markets, but in the domestic field as well. It should be noted, however, that much of the increase in imports so far this year is accounted for by machinery and other equipment needed for the record mineral-industrial expansion now under way in this country.

In the first seven months of this year we have imported non-farm machinery, electrical apparatus and engines and boilers alone to the value of more than $400 million, nearly one-quarter more than in the corresponding term of 1952. These larger imports are apt to continue, for revised official estimates of capital expenditures for the current year total more than $7½ billion, including repairs and maintenance as well as new plants, extensions and equipment, mineral development, additional transportation, trade and service facilities and new housing.

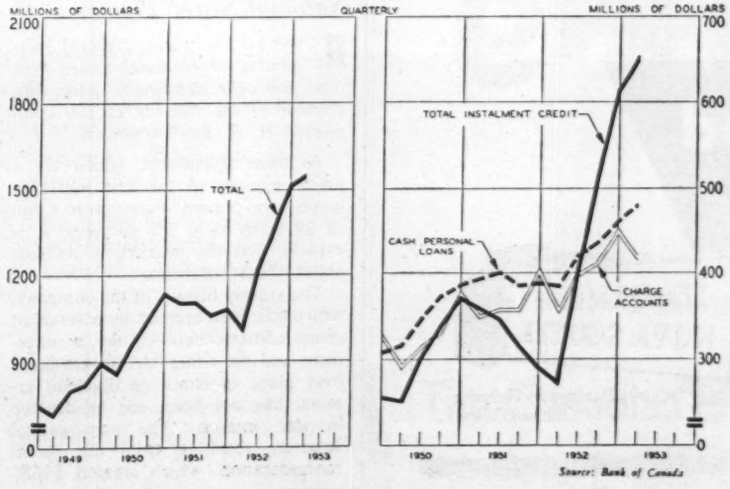
Taking into account all of the foregoing events acting and reacting upon industry, the record for this important sector of Canadian economy is quite irregular. Factory and mill production increased markedly, by about 12 per cent, during the first four months of this year over the same period of 1952. In May there was a levelling off, although that month is usually one of the busiest for industry. There was a slight decline in June and a larger one in July, when industrial vacations were taken by many employees. But in some cases the seasonal shut-downs have been extended beyond the usual two-week period. Witness the following report from one of the major textile centres: "Two local textile mills will be closed for the next three weeks. Two weeks will cover annual holidays, but the other will be a close-down due to high inventory position and slowness in the cotton and rayon markets."

IN ALL these circumstances about half of the previous advance on the industrial front has been lost even though matallurgical plants treating the steadily increased supply of most minerals (coal, lead and zinc in some areas are the notable exceptions) have continued to operate on a higher level than ever before. Part of this loss will be recovered as factories and mills reopen after the vacation period, and as industry prepares for the autumn and Christmas trade. But it seems clear that the rapid pace early this year will not be resumed, at least until some excessive inventories are worked off and much of the instalment debts liquidated. Meanwhile, industry has to face other problems in meeting the almost constant pressure for higher wage rates, greater competition from other countries, rising prices for such basic materials as steel, oil and chemicals, and higher capital financing costs in a tighter money market.

Agriculture entered the new crop season suffering from some of the disabilities of 1952, the lowest price level for farm products since 1947 and higher operating costs, one of the latest and most difficult planting periods ever experienced in this country and extra work in seeding substitute crops. Moreover, cash income of some importance in certain districts—from maple syrup in Quebec, early berries in that province, the Maritimes, Ontario and British Columbia as well as the first canning crops in Eastern and Central Canada—was well below normal. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of farmers all over Canada in planting and replant-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

Consumer Credit Outstanding



Source: Bank of Canada

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Brazilian Traction

WOULD YOU ADVISE *the purchase of Brazilian Traction at 10?—Mrs. R. M. C., Hamilton, Ont.*

Brazilian must be considered from two points of view: firstly as a company, and secondly in the light of the economic difficulties that Brazil is encountering.

As a utility company, operating electric power plants, telephone, gas, water and transportation services in the most populous areas of Brazil, Brazilian must be considered a good long-term investment.

The present economic situation in Brazil, where drought and frost have added to the havoc wrought by inflation and the unbalanced trade situation, tends to overshadow the basic merits of the company. The foreign exchange situation is apparently worsening. A government mission recently arrived in Washington to renegotiate the terms of the $300 million loan the U.S. recently made to Brazil, which Brazil is finding difficult to repay.

Although Brazilian Traction dividends are sheltered by a "special interest" clause in a dual-exchange law passed last February, the fears of investors about a possible interruption of dividends have recently forced the stock to a new low of 9¾. Should more selling pressure force the price down to about 8, investment for the long term would be in order as most of the hazards would seem to be fully discounted then.

Glencona Mining

WOULD YOU *give me your opinion on Glencona Mining Co.? Is it advisable to hold on to shares bought at 15 cents, buy more at current 5-6 to bring my average down, or take a loss and sell?—Mrs. J. R. W., Montreal.*

As the prospects of this company seem very limited, salvaging what you can would seem the best course to follow.

National Sewer Pipe

WOULD YOU *please give me your opinion of National Sewer Pipe 6½ per cent debentures and your opinion of the stability of the company?—H. R. S., Toronto.*

As these debentures, which are a junior security to the first mortgage bonds, are presently quoted at a bid of 84½, to yield 7.7 per cent, it is evident that the market is dubious about these securities.

The stormy history of the company, which has been marked by a series of sharp contests between the management and the Class "A" shareholders over plans to eliminate dividend arrears, has not been one to develop investor interest. The new capital structure resulting from the recent reorganization, which created $968,450 in 5½ per cent first mortgage bonds, $691,750 in 6½ per cent debentures, 53,195 preferred shares and 53,195 common, appears top-heavy.

With operating income showing a downward trend from the high of $367,123 recorded in 1949 to $267,208 in 1952, interest charges on the funded debt, estimated at about $100,000, will be a heavy burden on the company if construction activity slows. Net profits have been anything but stable over the past decade; there was a loss of $13,956 in 1944, for example, and profits of $185,329 in 1950 and $125,578 in 1952. Thus these debentures cannot be recommended for investment.

Teck-Hughes Gold

WOULD YOU PLEASE *be so kind as to advise me on Teck-Hughes Gold Mines. I bought some stock at $3.50 and now it is $2.05. Would you advise selling or retaining it?—M. L. W., Fort William.*

As Teck-Hughes is now primarily a holding company, with only salvage operations under way at the Kirkland Lake mine, it would seem to be worth keeping the stock for the 15 cent dividend, which now provides a yield of 7.5% at $2.00; there is also the possibility that the company will use some of the $4,365,203 held in surplus to develop another property. In addition to the surplus, Teck-Hughes holds 2,423,200 shares of Lamaque Gold Mines, which is quoted at $4.40.

If we add the market value of the Lamaque shares, $10,726,080, the surplus of $4,365,203 and the working capital of $2,032,903 and divide the total by the 4,807,144 Teck-Hughes shares outstanding, we arrive at a value line of $3.05 per share without considering fixed assets. Thus it hardly seems a sale here.

Canadian Anaconda Oil

DO YOU CONSIDER *Canadian Anaconda Oil shares a buy around 20 cents?—D. C., Port Radium, NWT.*

With total revenue of $8,825 at last report, the company not too well endowed with either oil reserves or working capital, and income mainly from minority royalty interests, this stock does not appear to be an attractive speculation.

Ponder Oils

I BOUGHT *500 shares of Ponder Oils at $2.50 as a speculation. Present price $1.25. Would you advise purchasing another 500 shares at the present time?—C. C. C., Halifax, NS.*

Ponder, with working capital of $548,026 and estimated production income of $530,000, has been able to continue production and development work in several areas in both the United States and Canada. Oil re-

serves, estimated at 1.6 million barrels last February, have been expanded by recent successes. The company now has interests in some 20 producing wells and small royalty interests in 10 Bonnie Glen wells.

From this data an estimated value line of $1.10 is calculated. At the present price of $1.20 the stock appears to be in a buying range for a move to $1.50 and possibly $1.95. Limited purchases on weakness seem advisable here.

Trans Empire Oils

HAVING RECENTLY *become interested in some shares of Trans Empire Oils Ltd., I should like your opinion on the value of these shares at today's market prices; the possibility of future increase in price or interest return.—J.F., Calgary.*

With proved oil reserves of 7.8 million barrels, working capital of $550,045 and production income expected to rise considerably from last year's $689,524, Trans Empire appears to be in line with estimated value at the present price of $2.55.

The possibility of an increase in the price of these shares depends upon the continued expansion of oil reserves and production and the general trend of the oil market.

Although the major oils in New York have provided excellent leadership to the advance to 277 and 107, as measured by the Dow-Jones averages, most of the western oils have failed to respond and the group has remained stagnant on Canadian Exchanges.

Until the riddle of the routes of the gas pipelines is solved by the various governing bodies in Edmonton, Ottawa and Washington—a solution which does not seem likely before September—little interest is likely to be displayed in Canadian oils. If and when activity returns to this sector of the market, Trans Empire, after its long decline from the 1952 high of $7.00 to the recent low of $2.51, could stage a primary recovery to about $3.25.

As earnings will likely be applied to development costs for some time ahead and the trust deed of the funded debt regulates dividend payouts, the resumption of dividends seems a long way in the future at this time.

Milton Brick

I AM INTERESTED *in the Milton Brick Company. It is my understanding that this organization has improved its financial position considerably over the past few years and has possibilities of improved earnings in the future. I would appreciate your views as to its future prospects.—B. F. M., Fredericton, NB.*

The balance sheet shows that the net profits of this company have increased from $22,275 in 1948 to $120,415 in 1952. Working capital in the same period improved from a deficit of $42,546 to $329,753. Expansion of plant and equipment has continued and the third tunnel kiln was placed in operation recently to bring production capacity up to 25 million bricks per year. Demand continues at boom proportions and the total 1953 output is contracted for. Curiously, the financial statements omit the figures for total sales and production costs; it is impossible, therefore, to make any estimate of earnings.

From the longer term view it is evident that operations are at a peak and the present price of 1.85 seemingly reflects fully the present good conditions. As building activity fluctuates over a broad range, any severe slackening of the building boom in the Toronto area will place both the stock and net earnings under pressure. Thus the stock is not attractive for long term holding.

Fairfax Mines

I WOULD APPRECIATE *your opinion on Fairfax Mines. I hold 1,000 shares purchased four years ago at 10 cents. What would you advise me to do with it? My wife suggests papering the bathroom at the cottage. Should I follow her advice?—M. M., Burbank, California.*

There is no market for the stock. It might be very attractive on the cottage walls.

Consolidated Orlac

WOULD YOU PLEASE *give me your opinion as to the prospects of Consolidated Orlac? Is it worth holding at the present price of 22 cents?—A. M. R., Truro, NS.*

Consolidated Orlac, after being reorganized on a one-for-two basis, has concentrated exploration efforts on a base metal prospect in the Bathurst area of New Brunswick and a uranium prospect in the Beaverlodge area of Saskatchewan. As only preliminary work has been done on these properties, it is impossible to assess what mineral values they contain.

A recent financing agreement has provided for the underwriting of 400,000 shares at 10 cents and the optioning of three blocks of 200,000 shares at 15, 20 and 25 cents. Another agreement has been concluded for Consolidated Orlac to take over the assets of Fiveland Mines for 500,000 shares.

The present action of the stock is dependent upon the efforts of the underwriters to market their optioned shares; it appears to be strictly a speculation and the taking of quick profits is advised.

In Brief

CAN YOU *give me any information on Lac Teck Gold Mines?—M. V. K., Vancouver.*

Reported as property lost and charter surrendered.

WHAT ARE *the prospects for McVittie Kirkland?—J. T., Vancouver.*

None. The company is dormant.

WHAT SHOULD *I do with some Randona Mines stock?—E. G. A., Sarnia.*

Sell it.

DO YOU THINK *Scarlet Oils is worth keeping?—H. E., Aldershot, Ont.*

No.

Financing

Canadian Industry

The increasingly competitive nature of to-day's markets often requires new and improved methods of industrial production.

A modernization program may demand more funds than are readily available from company resources. This problem may be aggravated by the need for increased working capital necessitated by higher costs of production and raw materials.

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MELVILLE KELLY: Brewing and baseball.

Who's Who in Business

IT IS MERELY coincidence that a man with an Irish name like Melville Joseph Kelly should be the head of the Irish-sounding O'Keefe's Brewing Company Limited. But it is not Irish perversity that makes this same Mr. Kelly take his annual "summer" holiday in the Spring, nor is it by chance that his vacation coincides with the pre-season training of the baseball teams.

For, after his family and brewing, there is nothing O'Keefe's president loves more than baseball. He sits in a strategic spectator position at all of these workouts, is shown flanked by players, bats and other sporting paraphernalia in dozens of informal pictures taken of the teams.

But so far his interest has remained academic. "They've never called on me yet and now my option has almost run out," he says ruefully as he lights a stubby cigar.

Apart from this tendency to grow restless when discussing baseball (he was a second baseman in his younger days) the grey-haired brewer is a relaxed and contented man. In summer he usually wears light-colored "tropical-style" suits, brown and white shoes and a beige fedora hat. There is little external evidence to identify this short, cheery man as an executive vice-president of one of the biggest companies in the Dominion, Canadian Breweries Ltd., which is the main stockholder of O'Keefe's.

Melville Joseph Kelly was born 53 years ago in Toronto, the son of an Irish railroader, and demonstrated his independence at an early age by also taking up railway work—but with a competing company. (Even today he has a prejudice about family ties in business but it is unlikely to cause him any problems because his 19-year-old son Bernard intends to take up law, and his daughter, Marilyn, 23, is studying sociology at Ottawa; neither has shown any inclination to enter the brewery business.)

It was almost by accident that he got into brewing and it came about through his accepting work with a chartered accountant, George Stiff, who also happened to be secretary of the now-defunct Brewers' Association. At any rate the young man became interested in the brewery business as a career and by 1927 was himself secretary of the Ontario Brewers' Association. The same year he married and three years later joined Canadian Breweries Ltd. as General Manager on the transport side and proved his executive skill in a variety of tasks until, in 1950, he was appointed President of O'Keefe's.

From a red leather chair in his compact office atop the five-storey brewery offices in Toronto the sport-loving president ("I also play golf but my own game is my greatest handicap") has many matters to occupy his attention. He does a considerable amount of voluntary work for such organizations as the Boy Scouts and the Community Chest, and was also chairman of a fund-raising committee which recently drummed up more than $800,000 for his old college—St. Michael's. His explanation for that might help to explain his success in other fields.

"First you nip around and find out how many good men you have on your side," he says. "Then you tell them what you want done and keep them at it. Keep giving them a nudge—that's the secret of getting results."

JOHN WILCOCK

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POWER CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED

The Board of Directors has declared the following dividend.

No par value Common Stock

No. 47. Quarterly 50c. per share, payable September 30th, 1953 to holders of record at the close of business on September 8th, 1953.

V. J. NIXON,
Secretary.

Montreal, July 24th, 1953.

Economic Diagnosis

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

ing under adverse spring weather conditions, the national grain area this year is more than one million acres smaller than in 1952. However, there are sections in the West where not more than three-quarters of the available cultivated land was planted. Fortunately the growing season has been quite favorable and some of the early handicaps have been overcome, but nothing like the bumper yields of last year need be expected. The last wheat year, ending July 31, 1953, saw wheat supplies in the four major exporting countries — Canada, United States, Argentina and Australia—mounting to over one billion bushels, nearly double those of a year previous. These stocks were made up of those on the farms as well as in commercial positions, although most of them were out of the growers' hands.

Indications are that the wheat harvest in most of the Northern Hemisphere will be a good one, though not equal to the exceptional yield of 1952. Canada's crop this year is subject to frost damage because of the late planting season. However, any deficiencies in the new crops will be more than offset by the immense carryover in the four exporting countries. This situation seems to warrant special attention to the following views expressed recently by a private Belgian authority in a position to make a detached analysis:

"The endeavors of monopolies to keep wheat prices as high as possible are reinforced by the virtual certainty that they will succeed, as long as quotations remain above the maximum price, in delivering a substantial portion of their exportable surplus to the importing countries. If there is no wheat agreement or if the stipulated quota is reduced to a sufficient extent in the new agreement, then the monopolies will be forced to underbid each other on a broader basis and, especially now that offerings of wheat are ample throughout the world, prices will automatically be lowered to an appreciable, and for the consumers, worthwhile extent . . . Indeed, in the U.S., virtually supreme power to determine the extent of offerings, and thus the level of prices of wheat is vested in the Commodity Credit Corporation . . . In Canada the Wheat Board controls the supplying of wheat to the world market, while in Australia high foreign selling prices are laid down by the Government to compensate for the maintenance of internal prices at a low level for the benefit of home consumers . . . The British wheat trade is speculating on the CCC's being forced, under the pressure of storage and financing problems, to enter the market with substantially larger offerings than are necessary for the rotation of its stocks and thus send prices down . . . It is the relative strength of the various political interests within the large wheat-growing countries themselves which will determine the extent to which a further decline in wheat prices will ensue from the present broadening of the international position of this important commodity."

Two other primary industries, fishing and logging, have also been in a rather unhealthy condition. The spring runs of fish on both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts were comparatively light, and while the summer catches have been high in some districts, they are reported poor in other areas. Moreover, increased competition from Iceland and Norway has been felt in the eastern American market. The wood cut in eastern Canada was quite drastically curtailed last winter because of large stocks of pulp wood and of a weaker lumber market. Conditions in the forest industry as a whole would be much worse today were it not for a stronger demand for lumber springing from greater activity in construction both in Canada and the United States. Mills in British Columbia have been able to ship much larger quantities of lumber through the domestic and American markets than in 1952, to offset a drop of about 50 per cent this year in exports to Britain.

The rather precarious condition of the economy at this time should not be regarded as so critical as to cause a depression, or even a sharp recession. But it should be plain that there are more dislocations than there were a year ago.

•

British air safety experts have developed a new fire-warning device known as the Firewire—a length of wire running through the aircraft which automatically "smells out" a fire and switches on a warning light or sounds an alarm in the pilot's cockpit. Lighter than conventional detectors, it is simpler in operation and requires only one circuit in place of an intricate system of electrical wiring.

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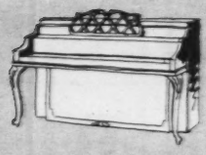

The unfaltering fineness of the Steinway provides inspiration and encouragement to the little one who fingers first tentative scales: Practice becomes enjoyable, fingering easier, the tenderest talent quickens into consummate skill. In the home and on Concert Stage— this "Instrument of the Immortals" affords pleasure and economy in its tonal splendour, and enduring stamina.

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Fashion

FALL millinery this year is definitely flattering. At Fashion Week in New York, we viewed top millinery houses and found that the too-exaggerated silhouette has disappeared; in fact, many hats have the clean lines of sculpture.

Sally Victor went to the architectural masterpieces of antiquity for her inspiration. She has her Colonnades — hats with fluting and spirals that are her version of Corinthian, Ionic and Doric columns. Even her bonnets and cloches are adapted from the Roman arch, in clean face-framing lines.

But she is also bringing the stocking cap back again . . . she describes it as "sophisticatedly innocent"; the cap is in leather for everyday and in broadcloth and bead trim for evening.

Vienna-born Walter Florell has merged his hobby and millinery this season. His hobby is diamonds (he wears a 38-carat diamond ring) and his most important silhouette is called the Facet, a group of sculptured berets that are facetted like diamonds.

Emme turned to the hunt for her inspiration and calls her collection the Sport of Kings. Her Side Saddle Sailors have great side-swept brims, the crowns trimmed with floating scarves; her See a Faire Ladye turbans are cone-shaped, with scarves of contrasting color; her steeplechase caps are berets with peaked brims.

Laddie Northridge is featuring a diminutive new "doll hat," in practically every type of hat; the brim is manipulated so that it clamps to the head, for secure wearing.

"Mr. John" visited Venice and his collection of romantic hats is called Romance in Venice, with individual hats named Call a Gondola, Venetian Date (designed for Paulette Goddard), Romantic Tourist, Behind the Rialto Bridge, and so on; there is even a necktie collection on the Venetian theme.

BLACK seems to be the favorite fall color; even the hosiery companies are putting out extra-sheer black stockings. Says Nettie Rosenstein: "A smart woman always wants black, but this year I feel that color will mean a lot to every woman. A beautiful color in a perfect fabric gives distinction to a dress. It shows off the shape, the quality and the details without looking showy or too rich." So you will find colors to suit your taste.

Brown shades appear to be edging out last year's grey. In fact, all the brown tones—cocoa, ginger, beige, nutmeg, taffy—are being dramatically combined with black. Often it is just a ginger collar on a black dress, or a beige hat with a black suit.

The purple tones that came in strongly a year ago are still good, from palest lilac to deep purple.

But while black is the favorite color for daytime and the cocktail hour, ball gowns go to one color extreme or the other — either dazzling jewel tones of garnet, emerald or ruby, or pallid neutral shades of ecru, ash blonde or oyster grey.

Women

ELSA JENKINS, *Director of Women's Activities, at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, wearing about $2 million worth of the diamonds that will be on display at the CNE. The stone in the necklace is worth half a million.*

Conversation Pieces:

NEXT week the Canadian National Exhibition opens and some $15 million worth of diamonds will be on display in the Women's World centre. The exhibit is arranged by Baumgold, the world's largest firm of diamond cutters, who in honor of the CNE's 75th anniversary this year, have designed a new heart-shaped cutting. It will be known as the Anniversary cutting and will take its place with the table, rose and brilliant cuttings. Baumgold will show rough and unset stones, and finished pieces will be from world-famous jewellers like Van Cleef and Arpels, Cartier and Birks.

Diamonds may be the most valuable of stones but the August birthstone, the peridot, was originally so important that, in ancient times, a search for it could only be made by night and on royal authority. The gem symbolized eloquence and persuasiveness, and was dedicated to St. Bartholomew.

The Canadian Federation of University Women has announced its 1953 fellowship awards: the travelling fellowship of $1,500 to Emily Marie Spence, of Edmonton; the Margaret McWilliams Fellowship to Mary Christina Crichton, of Kettleby, Ont.; the junior fellowship to Joan Morrison, of Montreal; and the professional fellowship to Betty Shepherd, of Winnipeg.

A World Health Organization travelling fellowship has been awarded to Dorothy Percy, senior consultant for the Federal Health Department. She will study in Britain and on the Continent.

In the furore over Dior's skirt length, an item from Paris passed almost unnoticed. Hair, said *les hauts coiffeurs*, takes on three new colors. Blondes are expected to blossom forth in a "Spanish Topaz" shade of yellow; brunettes will take to "Chrysolite", a green-gold shade; and then there is "Black Coral", which will give a violet cast to black hair.

And at the fashion shows in Italy, the mannequins were wearing a new haircut that now seems likely to be as popular with the tourist population as the Mamie Eisenhower bangs were recently in the U.S. The Italian haircut has, according to one reporter, a hacked-off look at the nape of the neck and a slept-in look on top. No one can say that the summer of 1953 has been uneventful, as far as fashion is concerned.

Ida Gwen Miller and Enid Ellen Delgatty, both of Flin Flon, Man., have won scholarships to the University of Saskatchewan, awarded by the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company.

August brings in the best of the Niagara Peninsula peaches. We ran across this recipe for fresh peach sherbet: Beat 2 egg whites stiff but not dry. Combine 1/3 cup milk, 2/3 cup sweetened condensed milk, 2 tbsps. lemon juice, 1 1/3 cups crushed peaches, 1/8 tsp. almond extract. Fold eggs in and pour into freezing tray. Set refrigerator at cold. Freeze to mush, beat, stir and freeze firm. Serves four.

Soprano Belva Boroditsky, of Winnipeg, who is studying in England, plans to compete in the International Music Festival in Switzerland, in September. Last spring she won the championship class open to professionals and amateurs at the London Music Festival.

Neiman-Marcus, the famous store in Dallas, Texas, has presented another batch of awards to people in the fashion industry. These include the first award to an Italian woman, the Marchesa Olga di Gresy, for her fashion sweaters. One award went to designer Ben Sommers of Capezio, the company which popularized ballerina shoes for street wear. We saw some of their beautiful new designs, in their New York "Boutique", and noted the more pointed toe and squared throat.

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In a Man's World

SELDOM had a young and beautiful woman to deal with such a problem as confronted Mrs. Wendy B. MacPherson, of Vancouver, mother of four children, when she heard that her husband had been killed in a plane accident. Her husband, an RCAF veteran, had been founder and managing director of a new and growing business. All the involved details had been in his head. His wife knew nothing about it, had no businenss training.

She could sell out. It was the obvious step. There was a full career in the care of the children. It was the decision expected of her.

Then she thought, "My husband built this up for the children. The business was part of his life." She made up her mind. The next morning she was down at the office—in the President's chair.

Wendy MacPherson became, in that instant, the only woman in a man's business. At 28, she was President of Western Canada's leading bearing distributors, specialists in gear couplings, pillow blocks, split roller bearings, and ball-bearings. Her world was to be the British Industries Fair, the Black Country of industrial England, and casting shops, paper mills, mines and engineering shops.

She was in a world inhabited by men with a strange language of their own. An error in the code-number of, for instance, a Lineshaft Box Take-Up or a Double-Pillow Block could mean the stopping of a massive engine and the shut-down of a factory. In these crises, they telephone BC Bearing Engineers Ltd., usually in the middle of the night, to replace the bearing without delay. They usually ask for the President.

Wendy MacPherson put two of the children into school, engaged a housekeeper, and began spending the hours between 9 a.m. and 7 p.m. in the President's chair. She began to master an immense code-book covering the dimensions, titles, and code-numbers of tens of thousands of bearings. In twelve months, she knew her decision had been right. She was boss in a man's world.

HER appearance was hardly "suitable" to the top executive position. The President is dark, elegant, an athletic 120 pounds, with slim legs, large hazel eyes, an olive skin and a slow smile. At school she had failed at arithmetic and science. She had vague ideas of going into dress-designing, but as soon as she was eighteen all the plans went out the window and she married Robert MacPherson. The following year she was a mother.

She had a power of attorney when her husband was overseas, but had no insight into his affairs. In 1945, when she had four children, tragedy struck.

Having organized the care of her children, she began to re-shape her whole life. Her reading had been light novels. Now she would curl up with a good book, *Industrial Organization*, or a trade paper. She gave up golf and tennis. She had a staff of 20 men, in the main Vancouver office and in branches in Edmonton, Calgary, and Regina. There were, of course, crises in the internal management. There were times when she came face to face with the mentality that says, "It's always been done this way." The new President asked, "Why?"

Gade of Baron Studios

MRS. WENDY MACPHERSON: *She re-shaped her life.*

She began taking emergency calls. Harassed engineers, calling on long distance at 3 a.m., reeled off their code numbers, and received confirmation from a cool though less than confident voice. Soon, she could find her way round the racks in the storeroom.

Then she decided to call on the manufacturers represented by the firm. When she registered at Chicago, New York and Indianapolis hotels, she signed herself "W. B. MacPherson". The managers, expecting a business lunch and some stories at the Club, executed double-takes all over the industrial East when the President of B.C. Bearings, slim and elegant, walked in on high heels. Privately, she enjoyed it.

"One man who'd heard the astounding news that a woman was coming round the plant, left word that if I was over fifty, he was 'Out,'" she says. "When I left, after touring the place, he said, 'You've cut down production to a new low.' I took it as a compliment."

In San Francisco, there was some frantic telephoning by the president of a company. "A somewhat flustered escort was provided at the last moment for the evening," she says, "and there was an atmosphere of frantic reshuffling about the whole thing. I knew what had happened; a date had been arranged for the visiting President. Some girl in San Francisco must have needed plenty of explanations at being stood up."

Wendy MacPherson was the only woman at countless banquets and conventions. She tried to enrol in a course at the University of British Columbia, but had to bow out. She was formally eligible for membership of the Vancouver Board of Trade, but ran into the same difficulty. It was a man's world.

How has the femininity survived in this woman who is a boss?

At home she is a different personality. "I always change, take a shower, and I'm myself again," she says. "The trouble is, you get too independent—too used to saying 'Do this, do that'. I'd like to get married again, and stay on in the business as a director only. There's no real reason to lose your femininity. Businessmen expect somebody in stout tweeds and sensible shoes, but I like to surprise them."

The President likes to dance. She goes to service balls in Vancouver, and likes nothing better than a cocktail, dinner and dance in a hotel. She has evolved some remarkable theories about the relationship of men and

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women in business, and revealed herself as acutely conscious of the controversy between businessmen and their wives, when the bread-winner comes home to find his mate equally exhausted.

The man says, "Tired? Why? Sitting at home all day . . .!"

The wife says, "Tired! You spend three hours over lunch!"

The businessman may be astonished to discover that in Mrs. MacPherson, who has known both sides of the controversy, he has an ardent supporter.

"Women don't understand," she says. "A man is working even when he's sitting at the Club. Women will never understand it, but I know there's a different kind of fatigue. Granted that a woman in the home is physically exhausted very often—I know that housework can be tiring—but running a business tires you terribly. Many women don't understand that a man has to worry and scheme and make decisions that might mean a lot of money. When he gets home he wants to sit down and relax. I know I do. And that's when many women say, 'You don't do anything all day; just sit in a big chair and give orders'."

Her unique viewpoint also gives her an opportunity to throw a criticism at the husbands.

"Sometimes it's their own fault," she says. "Why don't they let their wives into the secrets of their business? They find shop-talk interesting enough for their friends, so can't they make it absorbing to their wives, who should be more than just interested? Wives ought to learn something of the technical end of the business that keeps their husbands away from them all day. I wish I had done so."

WENDY MacPherson has now, two and a half years after her great decision, a salary substantially over $10,000 a year, has organized herself into a position where she can take time off for her family, and, with the help of some loyal associates, has tripled the business since 1950. Today, she looks with satisfaction round a new office on Vancouver's Broadway, and at the great steel sign outside, in the shape of a giant ball-bearing. Inside, the overhead lighting is of the same design. A modernistic staircase, sturdy and masculine, leads up to the first floor. The office of the President is panelled, with wide windows and deep leather chairs. In the mahogany sides of the couch, there are two cocktail bars, swivelling out on ball-bearings. Her desk is uncluttered, and if there is any trace of a woman's influence, it is in the drapes—green and coral and grey in an Aztec design.

But there is nothing masculine about Wendy MacPherson, though most of the staff know her as "Mac". In fact, there is something essentially feminine in a gesture she allows herself—an absent-minded fingering of an earring. I asked about the peculiar shape of the trinket and she took it off to show me. It was formed of a pair of ball-bearings linked together.

"I have a set in gold, also," she said, "with cuff-links to match. But these are right out of the stockroom, chrome-plated. Code number 33KD3, if you're interested." ROLAND WILD

Films

Wagging Tongues

BARBARA STANWYCK is an old hand at suffering, and in *All I Desire* she does it at length, aided and abetted by the other sufferers in the cast.

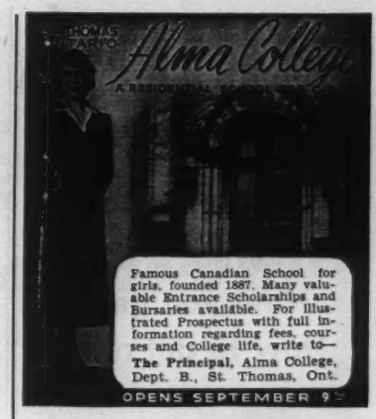
We don't know what it is about Miss Stanwyck that makes the studio authorities think she should agonize through film after film, year after year; she gives the appearance of being a trim, efficient person who could handle all her affairs without exciting any of the gossip that never fails to make her miserable on celluloid.

Gossip causes all her trouble in *All I Desire*, in which she is the mother of three children (played by Marcia Henderson, Lori Nelson and Billy Grey), is married to a school principal (Richard Carlson), and manages to get herself mixed up with the neighbourhood black sheep (Lyle Bettger). To escape from the wagging tongues, she leaves her brood, does some stage work for ten years, and then returns to find her children ten years older, her loving husband a bit miffed, and the no-good guy still with a gleam in his eye. In her efforts to brush off the bum, she gets involved in a shooting, and away she goes on another session of sorrow.

Miss Stanwyck handles the role with a sort of tired competence. The rest of the cast does nothing to relieve the general dreariness.

White Witch Doctor is a kind of road-show version of *African Queen* with all the comedy and characterization left out. Susan Hayward is presented as a missionary-nurse who arrives in Africa loaded with hymnbooks, gauze bandages, sedatives and disinfectants; and a less likely-looking candidate for the Board of Foreign Missions it would be impossible to imagine. Robert Mitchum is the guide and adventurer who makes it his business to protect the new arrival from snakes, chiggers, tarantulas and a native witch doctor whose sense of professional etiquette has been outraged. Both stars come through safe and sound in the end, though it was hard to believe that Susan Hayward could survive her jungle experiences without losing at least the crease in her well-cut slacks; or even that lady missionaries wore slacks back in 1907.

Affair with a Stranger is a slight little comedy starring Victor Mature and Jean Simmons. In this picture Mr. Mature smiles quite frequently and even achieves an unfamiliar and rather massive comedy manner. Most of the time, however, he succeeds in keeping his thoughts, if any, to himself. The story, which has to do with a domestic tiff between a successful Broadway dramatist and his wife, is told in a series of flashbacks of very mild interest. MARY LOWREY ROSS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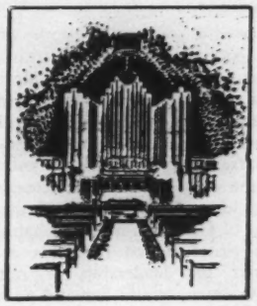
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The Backward Glance

Eight Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

WORLD WAR II came to an end, with the unconditional surrender of Japan, on August 14, 1945. The Front Page of SATURDAY NIGHT for Aug. 25 of that year dealt with the atom bomb, two of which had exploded in the face of the world over Hiroshima on Aug. 6 and Nagasaki on Aug. 9. The editorial said: "The immediate result of the invention of the atom bomb is that two of the Great Powers, owing to their access to certain raw materials and their possession of certain items of scientific knowledge, are in a position to impose their will without any limit whatsoever upon all the rest of the world. That which has already been done to Japan can be done to any other nation—even, presumably to Russia."

The two countries referred to were the United States and Great Britain, but SATURDAY NIGHT'S prophecy has gone unfulfilled during the past eight years, firstly because of the peaceful sentiments of the Western Powers, secondly, because of the attitude of their peoples to the use of the bomb, and thirdly because such traitors as Klaus Fuchs, Allan Nunn May, Bruno Pontecorvo, the Rosenbergs, and others, gave the scientific know-how of the atom bomb to the Russians.

A long editorial dealt with the question of Canadian drinking habits, and the writer hoped that this country, under the leadership of returning servicemen, would demand an end to unattractive beer parlors. It said, in part, "With the aid of the young men returned from overseas, it should be possible for the majority in every province, who do not believe that the drinking of beer is in itself immoral, to get together and insist that the citizens of their provinces shall be permitted to perform this not immoral act in comfort, in decency and in self-respect."

Another Front Page item commented on the fact that the Dominion Government was willing to pay compensation for all damage to property caused by the VE Day riots in Halifax. A report by a Royal Commission blamed the riots on the Navy. The riots, it said, "originated in failure on the part of the naval command to plan for keeping naval personnel off the city streets." We could never understand the mental processes of people, whether Royal Commissioners or not, who would try to deny the men who had fought the war the right to celebrate its victory, while allowing civilians to carouse at will.

On the Dear Mr. Editor page was a letter from Mrs. James G. Endicott, the wife of a recent winner of the Stalin Peace Prize. Mrs. Endicott did her bit to pave the way for Mao Tse Tung and his "agrarian" hordes by saying, ". . . Socialism is regarded as a goal too far off to be practical politics in China, much less Communism there or in the world at large."

And in another letter Francis X. Chauvin (no relation to Nicolas Chauvin who gave us the word "chauvinism") said, "Canada is not an English-speaking country, it is officially, i.e. by the authority of the law, a bilingual country." G. Lyman Duff of Montreal denied this, and quoted the British North America Act in support of his argument that Canada is only bilingual in the Dominion legislature and courts, and in the legislatures and courts of Quebec and Manitoba.

Maurice Webb wrote, "Labor Knows What It Will Do In Britain"; Wilfrid Egglestone headed his Ottawa Letter, "Canada's Position In Reconversion Different From Britain And U.S."; Leonard Jackson talked of Palestine in an article titled "To Palestine Arab and Jew, Peace Means War".

Raymond Arthur Davies (formerly National Secretary of the Young Communist League of Canada, and then known as Roy Davis) wrote the second of a series of articles from Poland for SATURDAY NIGHT. This was the record of an interview with the Polish Premier at that time, Edward Boleslaw Osobka-Morawski, who disappeared into the Communist void reserved for fellow-travelling Premiers years ago. Davies was unable to mask his Communist background, and his copy is liberally sprinkled with such party-line phrases as "one of the more militant Warsaw areas," "trains its cadres," "hostile activities," "ideological changes," "fascist elements" and such.

As Walter Reuther once said, to quote him loosely, "It is easy to spot a Communist. If something walks like a duck, talks like a duck, and converses with other ducks, it's a duck." Davies was a duck in the Red flock for so long that it was natural for him to cant party-line quacks.

Under Art and Artists we read that Winston Churchill showed one of his paintings, a Riviera landscape, at an exhibition in Paris. His painting hung alongside works by Picasso, Gauguin, Cézanne, Renoir, and other French masters, but held its own with them, and was given the highest praise by the critics. Something else that we did not know until reading this is that Churchill painted many pictures in his early life under the pseudonym of Charles Maurin.

Even before 1914 he sold many of his paintings under the Maurin name and they were good enough to be bought by collectors who paid $120 apiece for them, a good price in those days. Pablo Picasso was quoted as saying, "If Mr. Churchill were not a Prime Minister, he might easily gain a living as an artist." And a leading French newspaper commented on Churchill's Riviera canvas, "This is a first-rate work of art of which no professional painter would be ashamed."

THE FILM PARADE reviewed *Valley of Decision*, starring Gregory Peck and Greer Garson, and *The Corn Is Green*, starring Bette Davis. *Valley of Decision* apparently wasn't too tough to sit through, but Mary Lowrey Ross said about *The Corn Is Green*: "The picture, like the play, was conceived as a study in the deep urgency of the human spirit towards the light. Pedagogy is a difficult subject to present dramatically. While there are moments when it succeeds in its intention there are many long stretches in which it has the nagging quality of homework."

In rare moments of fancy we would like to become a movie critic ourselves, just to be able to clobber a poor movie with a *mot juste*.

We would have dismissed *The Corn Is Green* with the sentence, "Green or not, it is still corn." But perhaps it is such ambitions which keep us chained to old musty tomes and bound back copies of this magazine.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

ESTABLISHED 1887

VOL. 68 NO. 46 WHOLE NO. 3146

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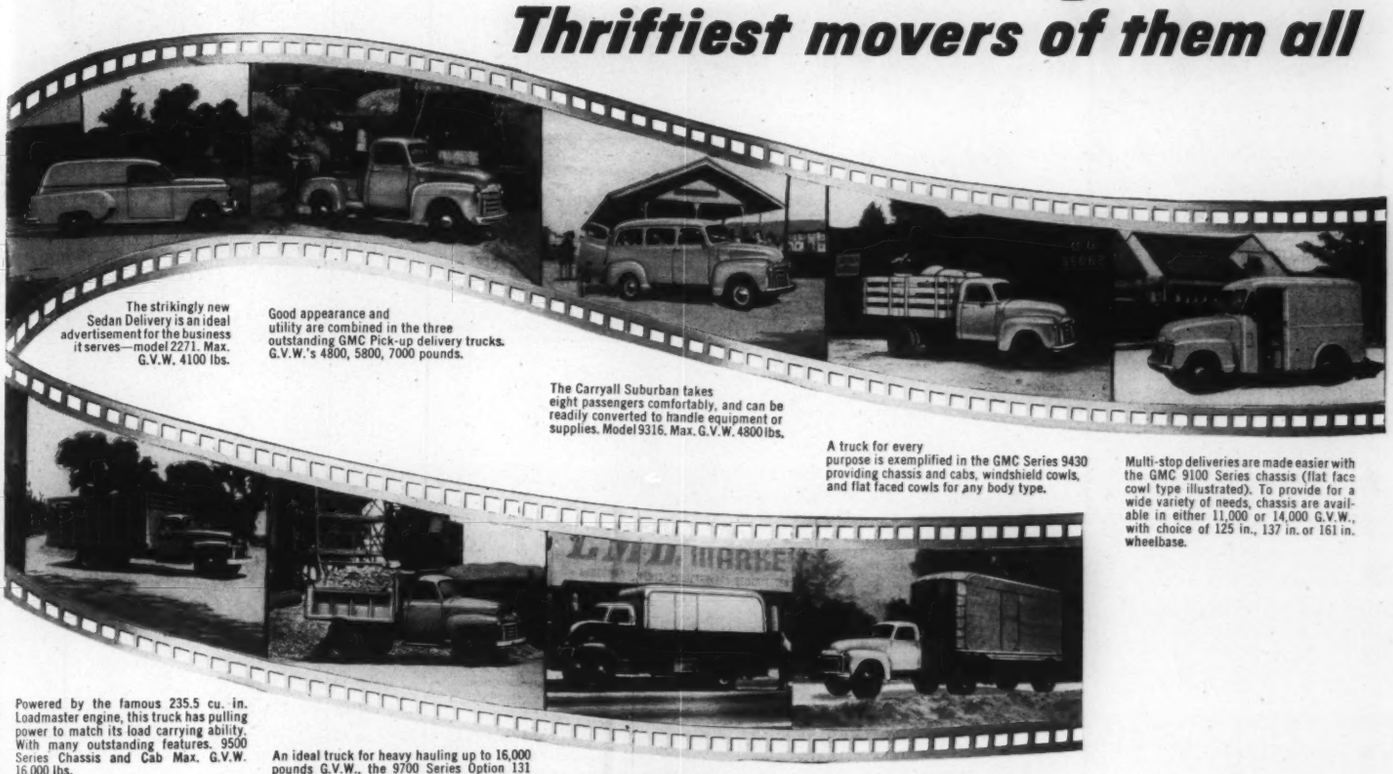

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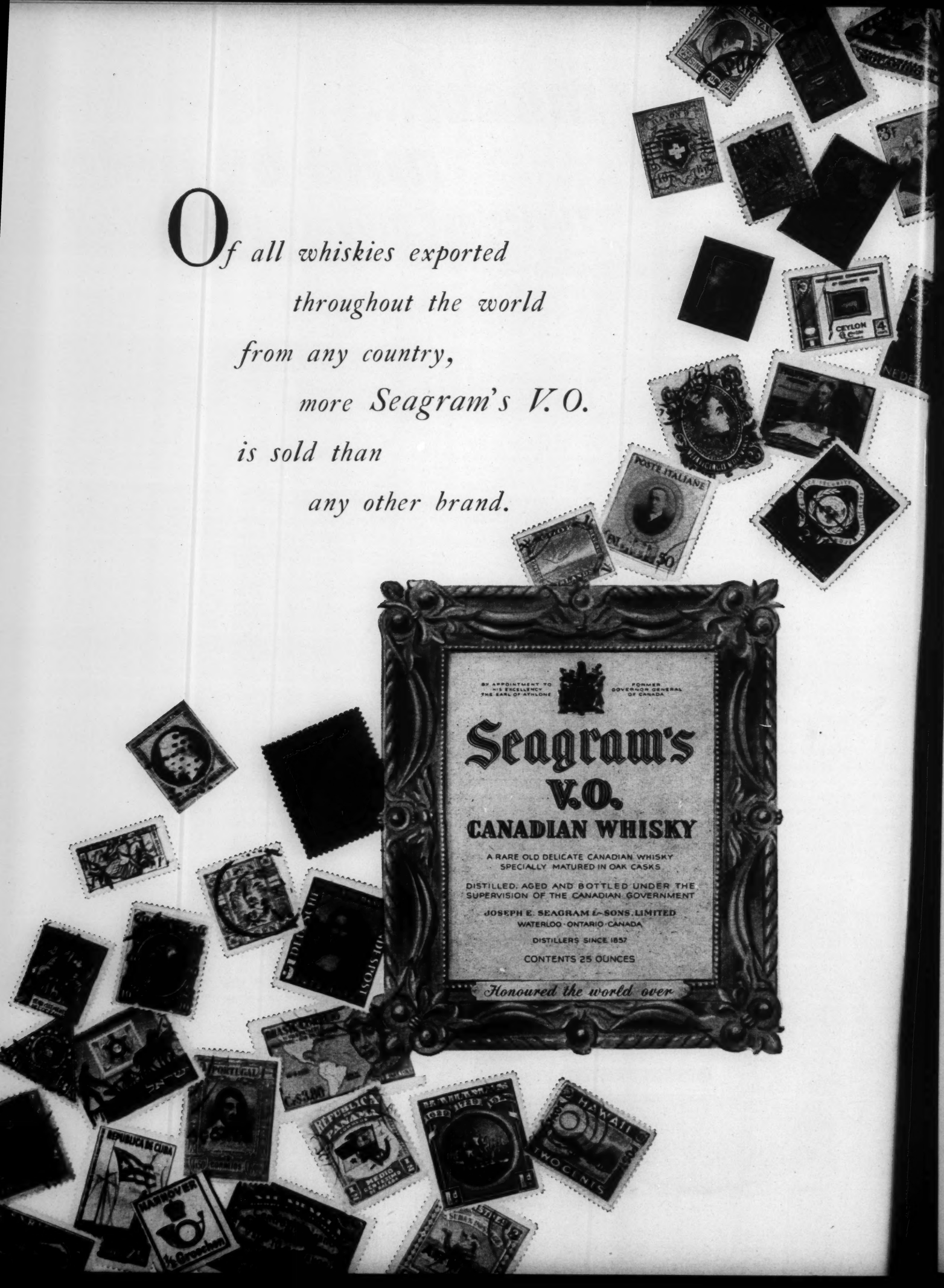
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